

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

State Normal School Library
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
June 14, 1943

VOL. 108, NO. 24

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1943

NUMBER 1439

Prelude to Attack

By June 7, the air was heavy with reports of an impending invasion of Europe. Churchill was back in London after having conferred with military leaders in North Africa on his way home from Washington, where complete plans for the war for some time to come had been worked out. Violent aerial bombardment continued to rain down on the Italian islands of Pantelleria, Sardinia and Sicily, as well as Italy's mainland—which might be a prelude to invasion, or only a guarantee that the Mediterranean would remain fully open to United Nations ships. A powerful army, chiefly British, was poised in the Middle East, a convenient spot from which to strike through the Balkans, but the actual plan of the United Nations remained an extremely well kept secret. Hitler had never used the war of nerves so successfully as it was now being used against him.

Good News on All Fronts

On all fronts the news of the week ending June 7 was good. In Russia the Germans had not yet launched their promised final desperate thrust for victory at any cost. On the whole, there seemed no reason to believe that their forces were any stronger in relation to the Russians now than they were a year ago. In the air, in particular, Germany seemed weak on all fronts. While some people believed that she was hoarding large numbers of planes for a great blow in some quarter, it seemed more reasonable to suppose that she

was beginning to feel a real shortage of planes, and perhaps even more, of pilots.

In the Atlantic, the battle against the submarines was going well. One convoy reported having sunk eleven certainly, and perhaps nine more, on a single round trip across the ocean. The British admiralty admitted with some reserve that in the month of May for the first time in this war sinkings of submarines may have outrun Germany's capacity to build them.

The victory on Attu was officially proclaimed complete, though a few Jap snipers might still remain hidden. Almost the entire garrison preferred death to surrender. In the Southwest Pacific, Japanese installations on New Guinea were hammered from the air. In China, Japan suffered by far her worst defeat in six years of fighting in that area. Greatly aided by American airplanes, with Chinese or American crews, Chinese infantry rolled back a major Japanese thrust toward Chungking and turned the Japs' retreat into a disaster. The gloom in Tokyo was visible even across the Pacific.

The war may still continue for years; indeed, its costliest phase—the overthrow of German power in Europe—has hardly yet begun for Britain and America. Yet no one can deny that the tide of battle has turned; that all neutrals now expect the United Nations to win; that the Axis is everywhere on the defensive. The prospect of victory should make us redouble our efforts rather than to relax them: if we work hard enough now, we should be able to shorten the war and reduce its cost in wealth and blood.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1943, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Revolution in the Argentine

In internal affairs there is evidently not much to choose between the Castillo government in Argentina and the military clique which overthrew it. The new group is also an ultra-rightist body. Three days after it took power its only two civilian members were reported to have resigned. It dissolved the Argentine parliament, and observers on the spot were pessimistic about the likelihood that it would summon a new one. It seems to be strongly anti-communist in character.

When the revolution first took place, Washington and London assumed that this was good news for the United Nations. Castillo had engaged in what was described as pro-Axis neutrality; under his quasi-dictatorship, Argentina was a nest of Nazi spies and propagandists, and it was believed that the new government would be much more pro-United Nations. As we go to press it is not yet confirmed that this is true; but it is clear that in this regard, the new government can hardly be worse than the former one, and may be better. Yet the people of Argentina, 80 percent of whom are described by Waldo Frank and other good witnesses as being strongly democratic, are still a long way from a really satisfactory regime.

The Miners Have a Case

John L. Lewis is just about the most irritating man on the public scene in America today. He has conducted the coal negotiations more in the spirit of a Roosevelt-hating Republican and an isolationist than as a genuine labor leader. His criminal recklessness in ignoring the effect of a strike on the outcome of the war is outrageous to the last degree. But having said so much, we must add that the mine owners have also been reprehensible. When Lewis accepted the Steelman formula for continued negotiations, the mine owners flatly refused. They did everything possible to force the government to take over the mines, evidently counting on public opinion against strikes in wartime to help them drive a hard bargain.

The miners have been averaging about \$40 a week for highly skilled and dangerous work. Men in comparable trades often get one and one-half or two times as much. The miner has to buy a great part of his equipment; he spends hours on the company property getting to and from his work, without remuneration. No matter how angered we may be by the repeated strikes and threats of strikes, when the country is fighting for its life, it is worth remembering that here are half a million American citizens who believe they have a profound and justified grievance. Putting them into the army won't mine coal. Putting soldiers into the mines won't mine coal, unless we are prepared to imitate Hitler's tactics and force the miners to work with a threat to shoot every tenth man if they do not do what they are told. Among the middle-class citizens

who talk so fiercely against the miners, not one in ten thousand is prepared to go into the mines himself and dig coal, or would be any good if he did. It is ridiculous that in more than ten weeks we should have been unable to solve the question of wages and working conditions in such an important industry as coal, and without breaking through the wage ceiling of the Little Steel formula. The present two weeks' postponement of the strike threat gives us a final chance to settle the issue. We hope the negotiators will now show sufficient statesmanship to arrange terms on a basis of which the miners will go back to work and stay there.

Anti-Strike

An anti-strike bill has now passed both Houses of Congress, and as we go to press, it awaits conference action. That it passed at all is of course the fault of John L. Lewis, whose attitude during the coal negotiations has deeply angered an overwhelming majority of the American people. The proposed law, in the House or the Senate version, contains some good provisions and many bad ones. Trade unions are certainly not perfect; a small minority of them have fallen under the control of racketeers and since, over a period of many years, the rank and file seem powerless to get rid of them, legislation is probably necessary to force adherence to democratic principles.

But there are numerous other provisions in the proposed legislation for which there is no justification unless you are at heart opposed to all trade unionism, as so many members of Congress are. In particular, it is nonsense to suppose that workers can be prevented by law from striking in wartime when they feel they have real and important grievances. It was tried in Great Britain during the last war, with penalties far heavier than the United States would invoke, and it didn't work. Even British labor, with a far greater sense of responsibility to the country as a whole than exists in most places in the United States, insisted on registering its protest against bad conditions by limitations of output. When strikes are forbidden, men stay at their machines but slow down operations. If the slowdown is made illegal, the percentage of spoiled work goes up. The real and only answer to labor trouble is, over a long period of time to make the worker feel that he is as much a part of the community as anybody else; that he is not being frozen to his job and his wages while employers get rich. Before we can reach that condition, we shall need a change of heart among a great many people outside union ranks.

A Bungled Tax Law

No American can look back with any feeling of pride on the struggle to pass a tax bill. From the way they talked and acted, one would imagine that most of those who participated in framing and passing the legislation had never heard of taxes before, and knew nothing of

the principles of raising revenues. The Treasury showed deplorable timidity, especially in truckling to political arguments which it must have known to be false. The House displayed appalling incompetence to deal with financial matters and the Senate was not much better. The resulting law is so complicated that it comes dangerously close to being completely unworkable. A howl will go up from the country when it discovers what the new law really means. Worst of all, the measure falls far short of raising as much revenue as it should. We are paying only one-third of the cost of the war and borrowing the other two-thirds, some of it under conditions with a strong inflationary trend. Even to do as well as the British, we should immediately increase our taxes by about \$16,000,000,000—and we should do it, moreover, without recourse to the dangerous and discriminatory federal sales tax. Viewing democracy in action over the tax issue, we feel about it as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm felt about her parasol: it's the dearest thing in life to us, but it's an awful care.

For Honest Elections

An interesting court case is under way in Harlan County, Kentucky, long famous as the scene of more autocratic political control by coal-mine owners than almost any other area in the country. Harlan County has long been noted for wholesale political corruption by both the chief political parties. In Harlan County they vote dead men; they vote soldiers who are away in the army; they vote one individual two or more times; they boldly change the ballots of people whose choice does not suit that of the election officials.

But now, 99 people have been indicted by a federal grand jury. The action is taken at the instigation of the brilliant new Civil Rights section of the Department of Justice, some of whose other activities have already been described in *The New Republic* ("Section 52 Is News," by Helen Fuller, *The New Republic*, February 15, 1943). The new action is taken under Title 18, Section 51, of the United States Code, which forbids unlawful conspiracy to deprive a citizen of his "right to vote and have an honest count" of his vote. So far as we know, this is the first time this provision has been invoked in a case of wholesale ballot-stuffing such as occurs in Harlan County. Incidentally, Sen. Albert B. Chandler and Rep. John M. Robsion were both elected in the poll that is now called into question. Mr. Robsion, a Republican, was unopposed by any Democrat, which in itself is a singular happening in a border state like Kentucky. Both Democrats and Republicans are among the 99 persons under indictment. If found guilty they could be sentenced both to a prison term of as much as ten years and a fine of \$5,000; the law does not make these penalties alternatives to each other. Here is a court case which will establish important precedents throughout the nation.

The Charter Becomes a Bill

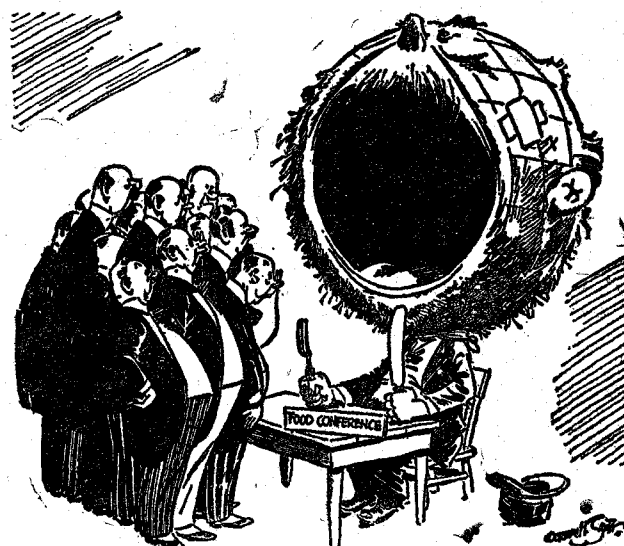
ON JUNE 3 a bill for a new American system of social security was introduced into the Senate by Sens. Robert F. Wagner of New York and James E. Murray of Montana. The date may seem to future historians as important as that of a great military victory. For the Wagner-Murray bill means that even during the stress of war the long struggle of men to transform their social environment, and so to transform themselves, cannot stop. It gives the lie to those who had said that all efforts at social reform must end during a war.

And it strengthens the hope of those who had wondered whether the "American Charter" contained in the report of the National Resources Planning Board was not merely a rhetorical flourish. There were many people who said at the time that the NRPB report was a good springboard into social security, but that there was no one to use it for a leap. Well, Senator Wagner has now jumped off it. The American Charter is no longer a dream, but has assumed the tangible reality of a bill.

Looked at in one way, the bill is a bold one. First, it extends social security to many groups that had not previously been covered by the provisions of the existing laws. The old-age-security benefits, for example, include farm workers, domestic servants, farmers, professional people and small business men.

Second, it creates for the first time a unified social-security coverage, extending to all the major economic hazards in the lives of ordinary people—unemployment, sickness, disability, old age.

Third, it increases the benefit payments in the categories already covered by the social-security laws, so that the assurance which is provided becomes more than a token security. This means unemployment and temporary disability benefits up to \$30 a week for six



Dorman H. Smith in *The Lynchburg News*
What We Must Look Into

months or a year; old-age and permanent-disability benefits up to \$120 a month.

Fourth, it extends the social-security coverage to all returning service men regardless of whether they previously came under it.

Fifth, it provides for every worker in the country and for his family full medical care, and hospitalization up to thirty days a year. There would be local pools of doctors on a voluntary basis, with each patient free to select his doctor and each doctor free to choose his patients within the framework of the plan.

Sixth, it sets up a nationwide system of public employment offices.

Seventh, it is self-financing. It provides for an increase of employers' contributions from four to six percent of payrolls, and of employee contributions from one to six percent. This means a total social-security collection of some eight billion dollars a year.

Eighth, this means a wartime system of forced savings which should prove an enormous aid in preventing inflation, while building for every person a security reserve for the post-war period.

In presenting his bill Senator Wagner pointed out certain features which differentiate it from the Beveridge plan. The British plan puts a heavy burden on taxation while the American plan would put it all on workers and employers for the first few years. This will probably make the American plan more acceptable to Congress and the press, but it is worth noting that the six-percent payroll deduction for workers, when added to the new tax deductions from payroll, will cut very heavily into living standards. The English plan is also more equalitarian than the American, the benefit payments in Beveridge's scheme being apportioned without reference to former income, while in Wagner's bill they follow the contours of the wage payments. And finally, the English plan covers many items that the American does not.

Yet, whatever one may think of these differences, there can be little quarrel over the major issue: and this is that the Wagner-Murray bill goes far toward fulfilling the promise of the whole recent trend toward social security.

The bill must be passed. It has not been introduced as an administration measure, and there is no reason why there should be any division over it according to party lines. It is to the interest of both parties that the American people should have a sense of security about their future. It is to the interest of both parties that the men in uniform today should feel that their call to arms has some meaning not only in terms of grand world strategy but also in terms of their own post-war lives and the lives of their families and their neighbors. And it is to the interest of both parties that a vacuum should not be created into which people like Joe McWilliams can push their crackpot-fascist schemes of large cash grants to every returning soldier.

We have said above that in one sense the Wagner-Murray bill is bold—as a legislative conception. In another and deeper sense it is a very modest proposal. It means that ordinary men and women can look forward, regardless of the economic hazards of a world they never made, to having the simple things in life: a clean place, basic nourishment, a roof over their heads, a chance to bring up healthy children. These are modest claims. But woe to the nation that does not heed them.

France Has a Government

THINGS ARE GOING better in French national politics than anyone would have dared to hope, even a few weeks ago. The new French Committee of National Liberation, headed jointly by de Gaulle and Giraud, starts off with an exemplary declaration of intent. It will surrender power, it says, to a provisional French government at the earliest possible moment, presumably as soon as all or the greater part of French territory is free from domination by the enemy. The committee has also issued what amounts to a declaration of war against Japan. Best of all, Noguès and Peyrouton have resigned their posts. These were two of the worst of the French Fascists who had come into power in North Africa, and no truly democratic French committee could permit them to continue in office.

Incidentally, the correspondents of the Associated Press and United Press in North Africa both sent extraordinary dispatches describing the resignation of Peyrouton as a virtual disaster, without giving any reason for this amazing interpretation of the news, which seemed to fly in the face of common sense. It would be interesting to know how highly competent and experienced newspapermen happened to go so far astray, unless they were misled by some official of the American State Department, which, as everyone knows, has been strongly pro-Giraud from the beginning.

To be sure, we are not yet out of the woods. Feeling continues to run high among the men immediately surrounding de Gaulle and Giraud. Dispatches say that only a couple of days before the new committee was announced, some of Giraud's men proposed to arrest de Gaulle and his entire group and throw them into prison. The mass meeting on June 6 at which de Gaulle spoke had been forbidden a few days earlier by authority of Giraud. There is no doubt that both de Gaulle and Giraud are men of difficult temperaments. Clashes between them are to be expected, and it may be a long time before things settle down.

The New Republic had believed from the beginning that de Gaulle was entitled to far more consideration than he received from the American government. This was not because of any interest in de Gaulle as an individual, but because of the facts of the case. First of all, the British had supported de Gaulle long before the

Americans brought Giraud into the picture. We believe when the history of this whole affair is written, years hence, it will be found that the stubborn egoism of a small group of American officials was responsible for the emphasis on Giraud as an alternative to de Gaulle and that the British were deeply chagrined over the development. (Official statements to the contrary from London or Washington may safely be ignored.) Second, de Gaulle was the only figure to gain the support of the French underground, and that underground is the authentic voice of France, and its only voice at the present time. Contrary to the popular impression, the underground represents all shades of French opinion, and is not dominated by the Communists or any other single faction. Third, the forces behind Giraud were the same forces, broadly speaking, that were behind Darlan. They included some of the most disreputable elements in France, many of them French Fascists and collaborationists. Fourth, Giraud showed himself lukewarm about democracy, to say the least, by working with Noguès and Peyrouton, by his treatment of the North African Jews and in other ways.

Although the censorship in North Africa tried to conceal the fact, there is now no doubt that sentiment in the French population there was strongly de Gaulist in character. It was pressure of this population that caused Giraud to forbid public meetings and to prohibit the display of the portraits of living men. The American public has been deceived about the attitude of the French in Africa. We had been told they were greedy money-grubbers with no interest in anything except their own pocketbooks. Yet one American correspondent after another has been forced recently to record the fact that popular sentiment in North Africa was so strongly de Gaulist in character that all previously prepared plans had been swept aside by the strength of this current. The American State Department would seem to have been maladroit to the last degree. We hope it has learned its lesson and that its future operations will be more solidly based on realism and on democratic principles.

The OPA's Last Chance

A FEW DAYS AGO the Office of Price Administration's Labor Policy Committee decided that the time had come for another and stronger appeal to the White House for firmness about price control. William Green and Philip Murray several days later went off to the White House for the regular "Victory Committee" meeting with the President, armed with copies of the hot memorandum prepared by the Labor Policy Committee. It demanded action in very definite terms and hinted at something which in an early draft had been a definite provision, an ultimatum that the promised price rollbacks must be in effect by July 15 or labor

will withdraw its support from the OPA. Before Murray and Green could open their mouths about prices, the President indicated that he knew what their thought must be on this question and that he agreed with them 100-percent. Some labor men think that the President will probably take direct action on at least one point of the labor proposal, a presidential message to Congress calling for a two-billion-dollar subsidy program. If this is done and accepted, fairly substantial price rollbacks can follow.

Meanwhile, Price Administrator Prentiss Brown was taking a little time out before settling down to the grave OPA problems awaiting his solution. Externally, he has to figure out how to defend himself against a tremendous unified attack by industry, the farm bloc and their friends in Congress. Groups like the National Retail Dry Goods Association, the American Grocery Manufacturers' Association and the American Retail Federation have done a job of stirring up their members to oppose dollar-and-cents ceilings, standards and grade labeling, which has inspired many other similar association and groups to follow suit. Their friends in Congress are persecuting Brown and the OPA with a series of murderous inquiries into specific phases of the program. The Halleck, Smith and Boren Committees in the House and "Cotton Ed" Smith's Agriculture Committee in the Senate are making life difficult for the OPA's major officials by keeping them running from one committee to another to testify. Brown's method in the past has been to try both to hold the line on prices and to appease these groups of his enemies. He will have to realize the futility of that policy before he can advance very far toward a solution of his other problems.

Internally, Brown is faced with the problem of filling the key vacancies on his staff caused by his firing of three men who were sincerely straining every nerve to make price control work. He has to name a new price executive, a new ration director, a new director of rent control and probably a general manager for the OPA in addition. If he names to this last position Lou Maxon, the advertising man whom labor and consumers consider their enemy, there will be a great many more vacancies to fill, for many able men in the OPA feel that this would be more than they could tolerate. The job needs a man like presidential assistant Wayne Coy.

If Brown comes back ready to fight, the OPA can still be made to work, provided he does several things: appoints able men to fill the vacancies; fights to put through the subsidy program; extends dollar-and-cents retail ceilings; insist on a larger enforcement staff; pushes the new program of price panels and price assistants toward real consumer participation; extends rationing; ties quality control to price control on a basis of standards. The President would have to match all this with a real tax program to take care of the "hot money" situation.

Unless immediate action of this kind is taken to stabilize living costs, widespread, spontaneous revolt among wage earners is inevitable. Loyal labor leaders are already hard-pressed to hold the line against pressure to revoke the no-strike agreement in the face of administration failure to prevent price increases. A few weeks more without real rollbacks will undoubtedly produce sharp and bitter protests. This may be Prentiss Brown's last chance.

A Bad Start for the OWM

WE ARE SORRY TO report that Mr. Byrnes's first week in his new position of War Mobilization Director showed indications that he was heading in the wrong direction. Last week we warned that Mr. Byrnes would have to put aside his judicial methods if he were to measure up to the job of unifying production, procurement and distribution of all material and supplies. Arbitrating disputes is not enough. Umpires don't hit home runs, and we could certainly use a few long hits right now.

One June 3, Mr. Byrnes called the first meeting of his War Mobilization Committee: Secretaries Stimson and Knox, Donald Nelson, Harry Hopkins and Mr. Byrnes's successor as Economic Stabilizer, Judge Fred Vinson. It was a short meeting. But it shattered the hopes of those who dreamed that this new super-agency might really mobilize our forces for war. Jimmie Byrnes told his committee that things were to go along as they are now going, that his new office would have no real staff, just the sort of skeleton organization he had as Economic Stabilizer, that he would keep hands off their individual jobs most of the time unless jurisdictional disputes arose, in which cases he would umpire. Evidently Byrnes thinks of umpiring in major-league terms, where two umpires are considered better than one, for it is apparently in the role of assistant umpire that he has cast Fred Vinson. When the new Economic Stabilizer took office, he told the press that he had no definite policies in mind and that he just planned to meet problems as they arose. It is hard to imagine a clearer statement of how not to mobilize for war. Vinson is supposed to be in charge of the wage, price and food fronts. Byrnes has retained personal jurisdiction over the rest of the field.

As soon as the trend of the new war-mobilization program became clear last week, ten Senators who have been the leaders in pushing for war-mobilization legislation sent a joint letter to Byrnes asking him to define his job specifically enough to include responsibility for careful, over-all programming and scheduling and to bring Charles E. Wilson, formerly of General Electric, onto his immediate staff to handle this job, since Wilson has clearly shown his ability to lick such problems in his present position as Deputy WPB Director in

charge of production. These Senators have made it clear in as many ways as they could that they will not stand by and see anything done to interfere with Wilson's herculean efforts to extend tight scheduling throughout the WPB and to pull the powerful industry branches of the WPB together under unified programming and management.

These ten Senators, at least, are aware of the dangers to future production inherent in Byrnes's do-nothing policies. They can see the symptoms of a looming crisis on the home front which, unless met now, can result in great harm to production, upon the condition of which Byrnes gave such encouraging reports on the radio last week. Strikes, black markets, turmoil and resignations within the OPA, cutbacks in food production are symptoms of real home-front trouble to come, unless something is done to organize production and home-front policies and programs so as to unify rather than split the country. A director of war mobilization who fully realized the scope of his job and the urgency of it would be immersing himself in his task, building an organization to deal directly with getting results on such problems as incentive payments to producers, subsidies, rollbacks, labor and farmer participation in all phases of the mobilization program, instead of talking vaguely about umpiring disputes and maintaining existing relationships among present little tsars.

Why has the Office of War Mobilization not assumed its rightful obligation toward a solution of the coal strike, when this is so clearly a case demanding the broad approach and authority that the OWM, and the OWM alone, should be able to bring to it? Instead, the problems of the miners are routed directly into the White House, in clear recognition that in reality we still do not have an office of war mobilization. It is much too late to play games with so important a matter. Sen. Harley Kilgore and his associates on the War Mobilization Committee still have a large field for inquiry and action.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Can We Have Freedom from Hunger?

The Meaning of the Food Conference

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOD CONFERENCE at Warm Springs, Virginia, occurred in a world whose articulate upper strata were more concerned than for years with the problem of getting enough to eat. Even in the United States, the best fed country in the world, housewives were contriving how to stretch their red and blue coupons around the weekly menu, if indeed meat, butter, eggs, potatoes and fresh vegetables were momentarily available at all. Black markets and ceiling prices were in the headlines daily, while strikes multiplied because of a rising cost of living caused almost exclusively by increases in food prices.

People generally accept this situation as an accompaniment of war without having any clear idea as to its causes. Yet in what sense does the war affect our food? No enemy has devastated our food-growing regions. Nor has war cut off important sources of supply from abroad, or even diminished them, with the exception of a few items relatively unimportant in an adequate diet, such as coffee and bananas. In general, we are a food-exporting nation, and the main effect of the hostilities has been to make it difficult to export as much as usual. We are, to be sure, helping to feed our allies, but Britain eats less than in peace and raises more, and it is a physical impossibility to ship enough to Russia or China to make much of a hole in our stocks. Precise figures are not available, but it can almost be taken for granted that Lend-Lease takes no larger percentage of what we raise than the exports of a normal peacetime year. Meanwhile, in 1942 we raised nearly a quarter more food than usual.

Far from having a diminished supply of food, we have an increased supply. What the war has done has been to enlarge the demand, not so much to feed foreigners as to feed American citizens. The army and navy have bought large quantities, but only to sustain in good health men and women who always were dependent on the produce of American farmers. It is true that the military are accumulating surplus stocks, but there is a limit to this process except in the few cases of food that will keep indefinitely. Wage-earners are at last fully employed at decent wages. They are buying more and better food than they have previously been able to afford. What creates the shortage in the markets is mainly the fact that for the first time in years *millions of our fellow citizens are getting enough to eat.*

The dramatic implications of this fact of our daily experience are almost beyond calculation. During the depression we used to talk of the paradox of want in the midst of plenty. There was want, all right, much

more of it than today. But there was not plenty, in the sense of too many farms and too many farmers, except possibly in the case of a few products like wheat. What did exist were market surpluses impossible to sell, at prices that would bring a living to farmers, to a world impoverished by unemployment. But if we had then been forced to share what food there was as nearly equitably as we do now, the rationing of the scarcer foods would have made our present tables seem like groaning boards.

If this is the case in the United States, think of the situation in the many other countries where standards of life are lower, where nutrition is less adequate than here even in normal times, and where the war has brought catastrophic decrease of production. Think of the significance of this shortage to post-war planning. And ponder for a moment the inescapable conclusion that what we are used to calling the farm problem is not really a farm problem at all, in the sense that it can be solved by remedial measures directed at the agricultural regions. It is rather a problem of increasing the purchasing power of the consumers of farm products, of clearing the pathways of distribution, and of finding out how to produce more and better food more economically.

The Nature of the Food Conference.—The International Food Conference, as the first of the economic gatherings of the United Nations concerned exclusively with post-war planning, had on its agenda the most basic need of the most fundamental of the four freedoms—freedom from want. You would not have known this from anything the newspapers or the more vocal congressmen said about it in advance. You would have thought that it was some kind of dark conspiracy of wicked diplomats, aimed principally at violating freedom of the press by seeking to maintain some privacy for its preliminary discussions. The columns devoted to the greedy clutching for “news” on the part of the lords of the press—news apparently being conceived principally as the exploitation of the conflicts which were expected to develop—took the place of the real news which a more imaginative press might have printed to illuminate the immensely important background of a conference of this kind.

The conference was not composed of diplomats, or of representatives with power to commit their respective governments to anything at all. It was composed of able experts, and was exploratory in nature. It was expected to lay down the fundamentals of the problem, and on that basis to make recommendations to the forty-

four nations participating. The action to be recommended was partly to be carried out by prospective international agencies, but mainly by the several nations, each within itself. This expectation was handsomely fulfilled. The conclusions of the conference hit straight at the heart, not only of the specific problem set before it, but of the central problem of building a world economy than can justify calling this a people's war. If its successors do half as good a job, the United Nations may endure as the organizer of peace and plenty.

The section on distribution, for instance, began by pointing out that "freedom from want cannot be achieved without freedom from fear." This is true in a concrete and tangible way, because fear of aggression has caused wasteful employment of men and materials and has raised barriers to international trade. Therefore collective security is a condition precedent of all else.

Next is emphasized the dependence of agriculture on full employment in industry. An expanding economy must be achieved if food is to be plentifully raised and distributed. "Expansion of industry on a sound basis in undeveloped and other areas and equality of access to materials and power are indispensable to any comprehensive plan for advancing agriculture." This basic point was one which our farm blocs and even our New Deal have failed fully to understand.

Only after establishing these principles does the section on distribution go on to consider such relatively technical matters as the restrictions on trade, the need for equilibrium in international balances of payments, the management of currencies and exchange, and international measures to stabilize commodity markets.

The entire program is oriented about the inadequate nutrition which we know, according to modern scientific standards, exists throughout the world—in the United States as well as in other countries, and in peace as well as in war. The report presents these facts in considerable detail, and calls for more investigation of the subject. It recommends not only international measures, but the acceptance by each government of the responsibility to improve the diet of its own citizens by such instrumentalities as social security, "direct action to make protective foods available free or at low prices to groups with inadequate diets," special measures for "pregnant women, nursing mothers, infants, children, aged persons and those with low pay." All this to accompany clearing the channels of distribution, and encouraging the production of those foods which are adapted to the soil and climate of each country.

If adequate nutrition were achieved, the burden of farm surpluses which has caused so much hardship to the producers over the past decade would largely disappear. "To provide the food needs of mankind will require a vast increase in food production in every land." Indeed, the production section of the conference concluded that non-food products of agriculture as well

will have to be expanded if the gap is narrowed between the consumption standards of the highly industrialized regions of the world and the others, such as China, India and South America.

Next on the Agenda.—The report does not stop with general recommendations such as these. It calls for an interim commission, to be set up immediately by the several governments, each sending a delegate, which will lay the plans for a permanent body to be called the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. It also recommends emergency action during the war and in the liberated regions.

It will be seen that the conference did not plan to "give away a quart of milk a day to every Hottentot," but rather to bring about increased production and sales of food to those who need it, as a responsibility of each nation to its own people. Nevertheless, it acknowledged that "undernutrition may persist for a long time in some countries engaged in developing their own agriculture and industry but not yet able to produce either enough food for themselves or possessed of the means to acquire adequate amounts abroad." In such cases a part of world food supplies might be used to supplement the national distribution by such countries. But distinction should be made between famine conditions and general food inadequacy. "Whatever is done in the latter case should be so handled as to assist the countries concerned in the long-term development of their own natural resources."

The principal controversy which was expected to develop at the conference was laid on the shelf for future action. For many years the food-exporting nations have been trying to restrict output in the interest of higher prices, while the food-importing nations have been concerned with getting larger supplies. It was foreseen, however, that during the war and immediately after it the demand for food would so greatly exceed the supply that the issue was not likely to arise in practical form, and could be left to the permanent organization.

Nevertheless it is interesting to compare the suggestions made on this point. For some time American spokesmen have been promoting international commodity agreements. A draft of a wheat agreement to take effect after the war has already been prepared, though not ratified. This plan takes its cue from the limitation procedures adopted within the United States during the depression. It aims to maintain a price considered fair to the producers, to limit production to the amount which can be sold at that price, and to allocate the international market among the various producing nations. The British, on the other hand, disapprove of such price-valorization schemes for food, which are exactly like the monopolistic practices of cartels, at least in principle. They proposed, as a substitute, the idea of "buffer stocks," which would aim not at maintaining

what they regard as an "artificial price" but at stabilizing the market as between good and bad crop years. The objective here would be to sell over a period of years all that could be produced, at whatever price it might command in the market, provided the effect of abnormal weather conditions were eliminated. This purpose would be accomplished by buying and storing surplus stocks in good crop years and selling them in poor years—an international "ever normal granary" as first suggested by Henry A. Wallace, but uncomplicated by any idea of parity prices.

There is here a real conflict of interest which may be expected to cause trouble in the future, if the economic setting of the issue should be the same as in pre-war days. But if the main recommendations of the conference are carried out, and an expanding world economy is assured, the situation might be so different as to erase the controversy.

It was never possible to tell whether there was a real surplus of wheat in relation to people's need for food as long as all consumers did not have enough money to buy bread. What we had was merely a market surplus. But when and if the purchasing power of the consumers is assured, it will be possible to ascertain whether the farmers are growing more food than they wish to consume. It will be particularly possible to do so in the case of a commodity like wheat, the per-capita consumption of which has a tendency to fall when standards of living rise above a certain point, simply because people turn to more expensive foods. Against the background of an economy of abundance, then, a genuine overproduction of wheat may arise and it may make good economic sense to turn land and labor into the production of something else for which there is a greater demand.

It must be added, too, that British interests are not always on the side of consumers. One of the subjects which would properly come before the permanent international agency would be the British-Dutch rubber cartel and its restrictive practices. And the British and the Americans have a common responsibility for the valorization of sugar prices, which condemns millions in the West Indies to work for commercial sugar-growers when they should be raising their own food. Sugar, by the way, is one of the commodities which the world is likely to consume too freely for a balanced diet, since it often acts as a substitute energy-producer for more valuable protective foods.

A great gain would come if a single international agency having the needs of consumers as its guiding objective were substituted for the complex of cartels and international commodity agreements, in which consumers seldom have a voice. The structure of international trade is interwoven in hundreds of ways, and arrangements made for one commodity cannot help affecting others, as well as the entire equilibrium of the world economy. Partial interests almost always tend

toward restriction of output; an expression of the total interest in expansion is needed.

It is desirable to bring together not merely the wheat-growers of the United States, Canada and the Argentine, but also the wheat-consumers of Europe, and to confront both with the wool-growers of Australia and representatives of the hungry masses of Asia. It is necessary to evoke a detailed but coordinated picture of world production and consumption in its entirety. All this may be done by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization if it is well staffed and entrusted with sufficient responsibility.

It will have a tremendous job in its own field. But it cannot do this job successfully if other United Nations economic organizations are not formed in other fields. One of the chief functions assigned to it by the food conference was to correlate its work with other such agencies which it was hoped would come into being. One of these, of course, would be an agency to stabilize the exchange values of currencies, already suggested by the Keynes and Morgenthau memoranda. Another, equally necessary to the Food and the Stabilization organizations, and indeed fundamental to the whole economic program of the United Nations, would be an international investment organization to stimulate an expanding economy and full employment. This has not yet been formally proposed in any official document, but it is the center of the picture in the thinking of nearly all economists who have studied the subject.

Finally, and most important of all, is the truth implied in this report that progressive action must be taken by and within each nation, if international organization is to amount to anything. We cannot rely on a committee to do anything which those whom the committee represents will not support. What happens in the domestic economies of the United States and Britain is crucial to what happens in the rest of the world in the formative post-war years, as far as the aims of the Atlantic Charter are concerned. If we have full employment, we shall supply a large share both of the goods which the rest of the world needs and the markets which their own productive progress will require.

If, on the other hand, we are dominated by a grasping and monopolistic farm bloc, by isolationist politicians and by industrial combinations which restrict output in the interest of price, we shall neither have prosperity ourselves nor permit any reality to world organization. What we *shall* have is another war.

It is the shadow of this danger that sobers us as we observe the action of a Congress burdened with a coalition of reactionary Democrats and unreconstructed Republicans. Watch what they have to say about the international food conference and its proposals. This first and admirable attempt at international coöperation for a world of plenty will serve as an apt chemical reagent for the tendencies of those who aspire to lead us in the post-war world.

GEORGE SOULE

For Full-Scale Invasion

FOLLOWING THE SPRING LULL the war is entering a new climax. It is inevitable, and one should be prepared for it. In these portentous weeks public opinion must clearly grasp the laws of the present conflict and the prime task for 1943: that all available forces of the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition must be used for the major battle in the European war theatre. Logic and the course of the war demand it. This situation will come to pass, because the trend of the war goes in that direction. Future military decisions must be grasped and prepared in time.

Hitler is faced with a dilemma: offensive in the east, on the Russian front—or defensive in the west and south. He cannot undertake both, because he lacks the forces. He must choose. The risk of a new offensive against the Soviet Union would be tremendous. Hitler's experiences in his big attacks against the Red Army were bad. Two large-scale offensives in Russia ended in collapse. Today the Wehrmacht's offensive strength is smaller than it was in 1941 and 1942, the Red Army's defensive strength is greater. If a new German offensive were to collapse, a frightful shock to the morale of the Wehrmacht would result and its striking power would decline. Furthermore, an attack in the east would strip Western and Southern Europe of German forces. An unceasing drain on all available German reserves from every point in Europe would undoubtedly be the consequence of a German attack in Russia. Hitler's offensive in the east would be the invitation for an Anglo-American attack.

If Hitler attacks in Russia the Allies must launch an invasion as rapidly as possible. The inaction of 1942 cannot be repeated. The argument of material unpreparedness no longer holds. There are powerful bases for invasion operations: in the British Isles, in North Africa and in the Near East. The Anglo-American offensive would not merely be a moral duty. It would also offer brilliant military opportunities. It would be waged against the dwindling German forces in Western and Southern Europe.

Hitler's other alternative is a definite shift to defensive strategy. This solution, too, entails great risks. It would mean the final renunciation of any further great offensive action. Renunciation of the offensive would create a profound depression in the German army and throughout the country. In addition, it would mean that the initiative had been yielded to the enemy. Yet this risk may still be smaller for the German High Command than a new great offensive in Russia. Several weeks ago General von Dittmar, Germany's shrewdest military observer, said that the Wehrmacht had no faith in an attempt to repeat Ludendorff's offensive of desperation of 1918. In his sensational radio speech of

May 30 Dittmar reiterated that Germany was willing to leave the risk of attack to others. This may have been merely a trick, a propagandistic diversion, to cover up the last preparations for the German offensive. Nevertheless, the German arguments against the risks of an offensive still remain objectively justified.

Even if the Germans fail to attack this year, it will not mean that the Anglo-American offensive can be dispensed with. Will the Allies permit Hitler to utilize the year 1943 for a regrouping of his forces, for the expansion of his defenses? Here not only the free decision of Anglo-American military leadership, but the imperatives of probable military situations are involved. In the summer of 1943 the Red Army can launch a great offensive. That, too, would mark the hour for Anglo-American forces to strike, because German reserves would be tied down in the east.

The great battle in the east, however, with all its consequences for Western and Southern Europe, may not come about merely by planned Wehrmacht or Red Army initiative. It may simply be an explosion, a result of the gigantic accumulation of belligerent forces on the Russian front. An orderly lull on the Russian front throughout the second half of 1943, or even in the summer months, is highly improbable. The war in Russia is not the phony war of the western front in 1939-40. Even in the event of an intentional delay, the big battle on the Russian front might start quite spontaneously, in the wake of some small-scale operation. In that case, the climax of the whole war would be inevitable, demanding the same counter-action as would a planned German or Russian offensive: Anglo-American intervention.

But active Anglo-American strategy should not be regarded as a mere function of the coming German-Russian clash. It is a necessity in our own conduct of the war. Invasion is a risky operation. It demands security. But one ought to understand clearly what it is that constitutes security for invasion. It cannot be obtained simply by technical devices, as, for example, a sufficient umbrella of planes. Nor will security be guaranteed by any blow delivered at Europe's periphery. *Security means power.* Real security for the invasion can be offered only by great strength. Every individual invasion operation demands the readiness and the ability to carry it through to the end. An invasion in two directions might be more expedient than in one, because two thrusts would further tie down the German reserves. Thus an invasion in the west could become an element of security for the invasion of the Balkans.

But the greatest security for an invasion can be given by *coalition strategy*, by simultaneous and coördinated Anglo-American and Red Army operations. If Hitler

clings to defense, he will concentrate his main reserves to stave off an invasion in the west and in the south. If there is a stalemate on the eastern front and the Red Army fails to attack, then the Wehrmacht might be stronger than the Anglo-American invasion army. But if Hitler is forced to fight in the east, the opposing German forces will in any event be weaker than the attacking Allied armies in the west and in the south. For the invasion to succeed, Hitler must be forced to withdraw German reserves, and these reserves must be pinned down and used up, on the eastern front. When the invasion starts, it must be relieved by the Red Army.

In other words, the interests of the Allies demand simultaneous action by the partners. It is in the best interest of the Soviet Union that Anglo-American armies appear on the European continent. It is in the interest of the United States and Great Britain that the Red Army should attack. Each of the Allies should not merely act, but attack with the *strongest* possible force. If Hitler attacks in Russia, the Anglo-American invasion must be carried out with strongest forces. When the Red Army launches its counter-offensive, this action, too, must be supported by the strongest forces. But when the Red Army unfolds its campaign it must be in a position this time to carry the decisive thrust through to the end. That is why the Anglo-American offensive from the west and from the south must have the highest possible striking power.

Even a local invasion starting from the Mediterranean, where it is most likely and is probably the first to come, would set the tasks of coalition strategy in motion to the fullest degree. It would be a mistake to believe that in the second half of 1943 the war can be reduced to limited operations, and that, while the lull on the Russian front continued, one could afford merely to establish bridgeheads in the south, the west and the north—and then to wait. On the contrary, the coming months bid fair to witness the most dynamic phase and the most intensive battles of the war.

The invasion cannot be rationed. One should not count on the possibility that in 1943 we shall merely set up bridgeheads and then use them in 1944 to launch an offensive on a larger scale. A repetition of the Tunisian operation on European soil will be impossible. Once the invasion has been set in motion it cannot be protracted at will. At that moment all available forces of the entire coalition must be in readiness. The invasion is "100-percent business," as the British General Martell, formerly commander of the British Armored Corps and at present Britain's military attaché in Moscow, called the war.

If therefore we seek security for the invasion, coalition strategy with all its consequences ought to be given free play. There is security in no other course. Yet this security consists not of conservative restraint; it consists of the peak performance of all military forces of the

anti-Hitler coalition. Whatever is necessary for the security of the invasion will also be sufficient for victory. If the invasion is waged with strong forces and greatest tenacity, it is bound to inflict a mortal blow on the Third Reich. Against the combined Anglo-American-Soviet forces and their joint offensive Hitler has no holiday task.

MAX WERNER

V-Letter to Karl Shapiro in Australia

Karl, from your beachhead on that hollow island
Under the world's waist, with its eager people
Whose past is yesterday, and who, like us,
Quarry the future out of hard sensation—
Tell me the score: Are men more nearly brothers
Under an iron heaven? Is the heart
"Made great with shot"—or hard? We soldiers, Karl,
Are lonely men who cannot be alone.
Is Superman still our hero? Or does war,
The inglorious kind, make ranks and races one?

You who have seen the volcanic islands smoke
Unnatural thunder, the golden rivers run
Red from no sunset through the shattered palms,
And could not tell the savage in the rainforest
That civilization was this, but not this only—
Tell me, and tell the rest of us who believe
Against all signs; that something can be done
To stop the meaningless cycle Marx foresaw,
What faith sustains—or whether a second time
A generation of cynics must be born.

Karl, is America the land of promise
The poets hope, the politicians roar
And the radio builds its sordid sales upon?
In crowded camp-towns, hostile to the shame
Of pitiful, unappeasable desire;
In the loud boredom of a thousand barracks
From mammoth Bragg to bonewhite Pensacola,
Jim-crow Huachuca, or this urban fort
Sheltered from politics by its G. I. campus,
Hope is quiescent: neither love nor hate,
Vision of world state nor immaculate village
Troubles our consciences. We train and wait.

If this were all, Karl, O if this were all
I would not write this, but instead compose
The kind of hieroglyph that was once the fashion,
Abstract of words, incestuous riddle: proof
That Art shored up one soul against the world's ruin.
But it is not all. The freedom we once squandered
Like debased currency, is being found
In lack of freedom; discipline is put on
Not like a habit, but a makeshift, proudly.
America, which died of our neglect,
Out of our sufferings can be reborn.
Distance unites us. War engenders love
No less than hate: the edge of what we are
Tuned to a prop's pitch on that terrible thinness.

SELDEN RODMAN

Union Regulation by the States

LEGISLATIVE SESSIONS in forty-four of the states convened in January. Most of these legislatures have had before them bills relating to labor, dealing with wages and hours, workmen's compensation, labor relations, picketing, the use of violence and the regulation of unions. Some of them represent attempts, under the guise of war emergency, to undermine existing labor standards, to limit the organizing activities of trade unions or to regulate their internal affairs. Some of them reflect efforts in good faith to improve public labor policy by making provision for better administration of existing labor laws, by more adequate control of violent or other unlawful acts by members or officers of labor organizations and by more adequate protection of union members against invasions of their rights by union officials.

Legislative restrictions enacted by the several state legislatures range from compulsory registration of trade unions and the control by the state of union income and expenditures to direct prohibition of the rights of labor to organize, strike and picket. In one state, Florida, the legislature went so far as to pass a proposed amendment to the Bill of Rights in the state Constitution, to be voted on in November, prohibiting closed-shop agreements. Severe penalties, including jail sentences and heavy fines, are provided in many of the bills. Up to now the most important results of this widespread legislative drive in labor legislation are new laws in Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota, South Dakota and Texas.

The introduction of labor bills in the state legislatures on a nationwide scale is traceable to a large extent to deliberate efforts of anti-union interests to destroy the unions, or at least to cripple them. A recent report of the Division of Labor Standards of the United States Department of Labor calls attention to the marked similarity in certain of the measures introduced in the state legislatures to restrict or regulate union activities. In some the bills were identical; in others they differed only slightly from the common pattern. But this attempt at legislative control of labor activities has other origins as well. The frequent abuse of power by some union officials, the sacrifice by them of the rights of rank-and-file members to the interests of the union administrations, the extortion of unduly high initiation fees or dues or the requirement of high fees for work permits are responsible, in part, for this drive.

Probably the most publicized of the labor measures introduced in the states are the "anti-violence" bills patterned after the Texas and Mississippi statutes of 1941 and 1942, conceived by Sen. "Pappy" O'Daniel of Texas, and, as to the Texas law, upheld last year

by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. These statutes virtually outlaw strikes and picketing. Sponsored by the Christian American Association, such bills were introduced in ten states in 1943 and defeated in all but one—Arkansas. The Christian American Association, whose chairman, L. V. Ulrey, is an associate of Gerald L. K. Smith, joined forces with "Pappy" O'Daniel in the spring of 1941 to push his "anti-violence" bill through the Texas legislature. Its success in Texas encouraged it to carry the campaign into neighboring states. Mississippi was the next to fall into line. Vance Muse, the Association's secretary-treasurer, opened a branch office in Jackson, to lobby for the bill. When it passed on March 20, 1942 (without a dissenting vote), the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee congratulated Muse on his "highly effective work." "The case looked hopeless for House approval," he wrote, "until you and your splendid organization appeared on the scene and became active throughout the state."

After Mississippi, the Christian American Association announced its intention to carry the fight to every state legislature. Louisiana was next on its list, but there the Association met a chilly reception and the bill was killed on the floor of the House, the legislature calling upon the Dies Committee and the FBI to investigate the Christian Americans for subversive activities. Two priests, the Rev. Jerome A. Drolet of New Orleans and the Rev. F. P. Donahoe of Monroe, said the bill was neither "Christian nor American"—that it was just plain fascist.

This year the Association carried its anti-violence formula to Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma and Tennessee. O'Daniel addressed the Oklahoma legislature. He told the members that "wild-eyed labor leaders and bureaucrats" were seeking to establish a dictatorship in the United States. He was all but thrown out on his ear. The legislators accused him of "spreading anti-labor propaganda," of "creating national disunity," and enquired, "Who invited 'Pappy' here in the first place?" In Minnesota pickets surrounded him when he sought to press his bill. In Arkansas he told the legislators that "more than \$125,000,000 worth of industries have been located in Texas as a result of the passage of the [anti-violence] bill." In Arkansas the bill passed both houses and automatically became law when the Governor failed to act within the five-day period allowed for signing bills.

The Arkansas statute makes it unlawful, by use of force or violence or the threat thereof, to prevent or attempt to prevent any person from engaging in a lawful occupation in the state. It also makes it un-

lawful for anyone, acting in concert with others, to assemble at or near a place where a labor dispute exists and by force or violence attempt to prevent any person from engaging in a lawful occupation, or for any person acting by himself or as a member of a group or organization, or acting in concert with others, to promote or encourage or aid any such unlawful assemblage. A "labor dispute" is defined to include any controversy between an employer and two or more of his employees concerning the terms or conditions of employment, or concerning the association or representation of persons in negotiating terms or conditions of employment. Violators are guilty of felonies punishable by imprisonment for not less than one or more than two years.

The most significant of the labor measures in the 1943 legislatures were those designed to "regulate" trade unions, the "regulation" consisting of a more or less strict control over the internal affairs of the unions. Kansas¹ led off in the enactment of a bill of this type in March in the face of stiff opposition of organized labor, and Colorado followed shortly afterward, passing an almost identical bill. The Kansas law, modeled, as is the Colorado statute, upon the Wisconsin Employment Peace Act, sets up a board of three members, with the State Labor Commissioner as the representative of the employees. It defines both employer and employee "unfair" labor practices. It requires the licensing of labor-union agents; the filing of financial reports annually with the Secretary of State, including reports of fees, dues, assessments of members and salaries paid union officials. It prohibits sit-down strikes and jurisdictional disputes and places extreme restrictions on strikes and picketing. In signing it, Governor Schoeppel stated that he thought the legislation reflected an overwhelming public demand and that in his judgment labor is "now strong enough to accept equal responsibilities with management." An early court test of the law was promptly promised by the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

The Texas statute focuses upon the supervision of the internal affairs of trade unions, probably going farther in this direction than any proposal made up to now. It requires the filing of collective-bargaining contracts and trade-union financial statements, the registration of organizers and regular union elections. It abolishes work permits; requires court review of expulsions from unions and prohibits political contributions by unions. It passed the Texas House on March 10, the Senate on March 25, and became law without the Governor's signature.

The Labor Peace Act of Colorado passed the legislature in March and on April 1 was signed by the Governor. The law likewise follows the outlines of the Wisconsin Employment Peace Act of 1939. It requires

the incorporation of trade unions, collective-bargaining units and company unions. It requires that trade-union fees and dues shall be fixed by the union by-laws and shall be "reasonable and not discriminatory" and subject to the approval of the State Labor Commission. It forbids charging temporary workers initiation fees; requires annual audits of union books by the Commission and forbids use of union funds for political purposes. Sit-down strikes are forbidden and picketing may be regulated in the event there is picketing which the Commission believes may tend to disturb the public peace. The law requires a thirty-day cooling-off period in case of strikes in production, harvesting and initial processing of farm products and a twenty-day period in all other industries or occupations. The commission of "unfair" labor practices constitutes a misdemeanor punishable by fine and subject as well to civil sanctions.

Idaho and South Dakota have passed similar measures which in addition to requiring labor organizations to file annual reports of income and expenditures with the Secretary of State, flatly forbid the organization of agricultural workers, including workers in processing plants. Picketing at the home of any owner or operator or at the ranch, farm, feed yard, shearing plant or other agricultural premises is forbidden. Boycott of "hot cargo" (non-union goods in transit) is outlawed. Violations constitute misdemeanors punishable by a fine of not more than \$300 and imprisonment not to exceed ninety days, or both.

In Minnesota, the legislature enacted two bills which were signed by the Governor in May, regulating trade-union practices. One compels unions to hold elections at least once in four years by secret ballot and to furnish members with financial statements. If unions fail to comply, they may be disqualified from acting as collective-bargaining agents.

These are the major enactments affecting labor's rights in the 1943 legislatures. Labor has met most, if not all, of these types of statutes in the past. Anti-strike and anti-picketing legislation is not novel, nor are proposals to regulate the internal affairs of unions. It should be noted that while the attempt to establish legislative control of trade unions was successful in several states, it met stiff resistance on the part of trade unions and in more states than accepted them these proposals were rejected. In six states (Indiana, Montana, North Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wyoming) the legislatures have adjourned after having defeated all anti-labor bills. Eight of the ten states which considered it, killed the O'Daniel "anti-violence" bill. Such a measure is still pending in the Alabama legislature. Nine states (California, Indiana, Maine, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wyoming) defeated bills requiring registration and control of trade unions and interfering with strikes and picketing.

While some of the provisions of the new laws seem certain to be inimical to workers' interests, the results

¹ See "Union Busting in Kansas," by Russell M. Roberts (The New Republic, April 5, 1943).

will in great measure turn, as with all legislation, on how they are construed and applied. There is every likelihood that the "anti-violence" statutes and some features of the laws regulating internal affairs of trade unions will be so interpreted and enforced as to make them setbacks for labor. But it is hoped that the threat of further legislation along these lines will galvanize

trade unions into more forthright house-cleaning than has yet been undertaken. If trade unions will squarely meet the task of self-regulation in the interests of their members, they will do themselves and the country a signal service—and their regulation by the legislatures will be made unnecessary.

LUCILLE B. MILNER AND PAUL BRISSENDEN

Soldiers' Prose¹

"Crow Car"

NEITHER OF US would have noticed him, if it hadn't started raining. He wasn't with the others waiting for the bus. He appeared to come running back from ahead, as if he meant to walk before the downpour caught him. "Just another guy in uniform and overseas cap," we thought. "God knows where they all come from."

It wasn't until he boarded the vehicle that we noticed he was colored. He wasn't young by service standards. Bob guessed him to be about forty-five. I thought a bit older. It's hard to tell when a man is in uniform. He was stocky—a little better than average height. His uniform was well cut and almost molded to his body. The khaki shirt nearly blended into his skin in the harsh yellow light of the bus. It was then we noticed the thin shoulder bars and the rainbow ribbon of the last war, with two golden stars.

Bob nudged me. "A captain," he commented. "First one I've ever seen. I sure bet it gripes some of these crackers," he added happily.

I knew what he meant. Most of the New York contingent felt the same. For months we'd been hoping to meet and salute a Negro officer on the street, just to gripe the Southerners. Ordinarily, Jacksonville is too much of a liberty town for the average enlisted man to do much saluting of any kind. Especially when it is so much easier to look the other way when an officer passes. "He sure looks army clear through," I said.

"I think you're both horrid," said Betty Lou, as could be expected. Our dates were always like that. You try to ignore it in a service town.

He fumbled a bit in his pocket, and dropped seven cents into the toll box as the bus picked up speed and lurched forward. Halfway to the back he paused. For an instant, he hovered over one of the empty "white" seats. Then he caught himself, squared his shoulders, shuffled back past the segregation line and stood there.

Crinkling market bags added their paper cackle to the whine of the motor and the thwarted hiss of the rain on the window panes. Vegetable bundles groaned

and a wrinkled Negro woman, her eyes proudly alive, tried to offer him her seat. He stopped her with a smile and a shake of his head. It was obvious that he had only recently returned to this sort of thing and was uncertain and ill at ease.

I doubt if either of the girls gave him a second look, much less a thought. I don't know exactly what got into us. Somehow at the precise second I thought of Sis's boy friend crawling on his belly in the North African hell. Later, Bob told me he thought of his brother coughing out his blood and his life into the mud at Guadalcanal.

Neither of us can explain how it happened: I can't even remember rising. But when I next looked at Bob he was on his feet beside his empty chair and I was standing next to him. The girls looked up in amazement.

Agnes tugged at my sleeve. "Sit down, you fool," she hissed, "everybody is looking at you." We were all blushing furiously. My ears burned a bit.

At first I thought the officer would say something. He made a motion in our direction, then seemed to think better of it. We just stood there, two navy enlisted men in blue, the army man in khaki. The bus creaked on for about half a mile and wheezed to a stop. He left then. I'm not sure whether he had originally meant to get off there, or if he was embarrassed. We were beginning to feel strange ourselves, standing amid all the empty seats. It seemed so little to do.

The wheels stopped rolling. The Negro pushed forward. For the second time we thought he was going to say something. But again, silence. He didn't smile as he passed us. For an instant, his eyes met mine, then passed on to Bob's. *It took less than a second, all told.* It was as if his soul poured out the torment of the ages. His mouth trembled for a second but remained under control as he passed through the exit door.

Betty Lou was still shrilling that we were being conspicuous. Agnes had resumed the tugging on my sleeve. Yet both girls were forgotten for the moment. All we were aware of was the pain and humiliation in that Negro's eyes.

As Bob put it later, "It was the first time we'd ever seen the inside of a heart."

WILLIAM E. RAYNOR, ARM3C

¹ This is one of a series of articles and sketches submitted in our Soldiers' Prose competition. These are paid for at our regular rates and there is also a special prize for the best entry submitted during each calendar month.—THE EDITORS

Washington Notes

Invasion Strategy

IT CAN BE SAFELY ASSUMED that United Nations plans for the summer of 1943 have been agreed on, and in detail, and that these plans were transmitted to the high command in Algiers when Prime Minister Churchill stopped there on his way home. As usual, these plans not only will be carefully guarded against leakage until they are spilled in action but there will be deliberate attempts to make them appear what they are not. In advance of the North African landings such attempts were amazingly successful. First the Germans were led to believe that the invasion force would strike at Scandinavia, and later at Dakar. Either the German intelligence agencies were remarkably inefficient or our own military-security measures were extraordinarily effective. Surprise seems to have been complete except in Morocco, where General Noguès, the resident commissioner, had enough advance warning to deploy his troops a few hours ahead of the landings, to arrest General Bethouart, one of the French military figures who helped prepare for our arrival, and to throw a guard around the United States Consulate in Casablanca.

Inside information on the next move isn't to be had and couldn't be printed if it were. Speculation is futile. But some of the preliminary plays already are on the board for all to see. It is not against the rules to look at them.

Mr. Churchill's speech to Congress has been interpreted by some as an announcement that there would be no second front on the continent of Europe this summer—that the air-bombardment enthusiasts would be given their chance to conquer Germany without help from the foot soldier. But Mr. Churchill did not say this and almost certainly did not mean it. It must be obvious to anyone who read dispatches from North Africa about the campaign for Tunis and Bizerte, and who later noted the extent of German losses in that campaign, that the United Nations now have a substantial and handsomely equipped army in Tunisia. They also have another large and well equipped army in the Near East. The air arms of these forces already are hammering away at Italy's Mediterranean islands. Since these islands are not industrial centers, there is not much point in bombing them unless the bombings are followed up by occupying troops. The intensity of the bombardments suggests that the air arm is being used against them to lay down a long-range barrage preliminary to surface attack. The object of surface attack would not merely be to make more secure the United Nations hold on the Mediterranean but to provide stepping-stones toward Churchill's "soft underbelly" of Europe. With armies ready and waiting and with the barrage already started, a long delay simply doesn't make military sense.

The most intense of the bombing raids are pointed at Italy, but this doesn't necessarily mean that Italy is to be the center of attack. In fact, there are several reasons—most important among them the Alps—why Italy doesn't seem to be the most alluring European beachhead. If Italy's navy could be coaxed out into the Mediterranean and destroyed or reduced in port (this was partly done on

June 5) or its personnel disaffected short of destruction, there would be no very good reason for wasting any manpower on Italy. Already the productive potential of her industry has been cut to the breaking point and the morale of her population and armed forces at least jolted. With her navy out of the way, Italy could be left to stew in her own juice and safely by-passed. The mountain barrier on her northern frontier would make her useless as a base for land operation against Germany even if she were delivered to us intact. Spain, because of the Pyrenees, is a similar case. Moreover, the visible diplomatic maneuvers and propaganda of recent weeks suggest that their object is to lure Spain and Italy away from the Axis, not to soften them up for occupation.

Even with Spain and Italy eliminated, there remains a wide variety of choices. Nobody knows how well the Germans have fortified the South of France, but presumably they have concentrated on it as the most direct route from North Africa to Western Europe. They would have been fools not to, and they are not foolish ordinarily about routine military precautions. It would be a tough beach at best. The next prospect, looking at the map from left to right, is Yugoslavia across the Adriatic from Italy. Territory controlled by Mihailovich runs down to the sea and appears to be securely held now that his guerrillas and the Partisans have patched up their differences. Hitler seems to be worried about this spot. According to London reports, he has placed Field Marshal List at the head of the expeditionary force operating against Mihailovich and the Partisans in the Yugoslav mountains. Father along the map is starving Greece and then neutral Turkey, whose territory would be a short cut for England's Middle Eastern armies. Turkey has become increasingly cosy with the United Nations in recent months and the British-American-French successes in North Africa must have dispelled any lingering doubts in Turkey about the outcome of the war, just as they did in Argentina.

There seems little room for doubt that the Germans are planning one last, desperate offensive against Russia this summer. This offensive probably will be aimed at Moscow. Hoarding for this campaign may account for the suspicious weakness of the Luftwaffe in the last days of the Tunisian campaign and for the sparse dispersal of German planes over Continental bombing targets. If Hitler were now ready to stand on the defensive precisely where he is, his umbrella should be thicker. Anyway, there should be one more Russian offensive in his crystal ball. Even the German press is beginning to admit that the submarine blockade is losing its effectiveness. The less effective it becomes, the more uncomfortable Germany must be if she now chooses to fight a purely defensive war.

This could be and perhaps will be the year of Germany's defeat in the Second World War. With Russia still containing most of the German army, a United Nations success anywhere else on the Continent would be the beginning of the end. It could be the end itself if, in establishing a continental foothold, the United Nations, cut off a substantial chunk of the territory on which Hitler is dependent for supplies. There is no reason to believe that Churchill or Roosevelt, since planning the audacious North African landings, has become too timid to make the most of this year's opportunity.

Washington

T. R. B.

The Sea without Salt

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC" (Warner Brothers) is an overdue tribute to the fighting merchant marine of this war, one of the series "in praise of a branch of the service" which is based on action and wisecracks and expresses nothing at all. The action is piled up in great layers. In a Warners' picture it becomes of supreme importance. The ship is blown up for the sight it makes and for the jazzing it gives the plot. So when one ship is blown up, six or seven follow it, and then six or seven submarines get theirs. The action is emotionless because it is without order, pace or rhythm, because the people concerned in it are so utterly alike, and characterless, and because bombs and killing cease at a certain point to concern human beings and become mere spectacles. Yet, this is one of the more efficient versions of the action-wisecrack formula. It moves right along without a hitch, the audience waits for each line of dialogue to turn up its laugh, the action is the last word in technical verisimilitude—they have learned to make like a newsreel with the photography.

There is no mood nor personality of the sea, of being on it, in it or of it. If the merchant seaman finds a kind of security off land that he doesn't find on it, if he is surly and boastful of his ability, if his living quarters on the ship are any different in feeling from those in the locker room at the Athletic Club, if the engineer differs from the mate and if either of them differs from the airmen in "Air Force" or the marines in "Wake Island" or the sailors in "Crash Dive," there is nothing in this movie to indicate it. It is lacking in character, because our war movies are plagued with a Boy-Scoutish conscientiousness that makes them hopelessly good and hopelessly bad, and eats them out of body and soul. They must answer first to God, country, American mothers, the producer, the recruiting branch of the merchant marine, people who come to see Bogart knock someone's teeth in, people who come for laughs, for action, for love, etc., and they never get a second chance to be warm, human or anything real. In deference to seamen, Bogart goes to the first saloon and blonde that he sees; but when he walks out of the bedroom door in the next scene he must, for American mothers, I suppose, be married and a loving husband forever after. If the mate gripes, traditionally, about the food on board, it must be hurriedly pointed out, for the recruiting service, I suppose, that the mate may be out of sorts that morning. It hardly seems possible that Pulaski, six years an A.B., would aspire to wear a cadet's cap, but it is presumably desirable to show that seamen move up the ladder to success.

As a result of the movie's double duty of citizenship and entertainment, everybody on board gets terribly articulate. It is not the articulate felicity of workmen about the bungling of their superiors, their own facility with their work and their women, the wonders of every job but the one they're on. Nor is it the symbolical volubility of an O'Neill character. This is talking to keep you laughing, and everyone from God to a Liberty Ship happy.

The visual incuriosity of this film is amazing. The implication is that the field the camera covers is so barren that it must be artificially blown up. It is typical that the union-hall sequence is taken up entirely with Pulaski's shouting

at the top of his voice that he either is or isn't a coward, and someone's tearing his union button off and putting it back on again. Here, where a completely male world runs over in poker, pool and talk, and the phrase "brotherhood of man" is inherently present to an overwhelming degree, where seamen are as serious about their card games as anyone else, the movie relies on moom-pitcher drayma. The inner world of a ship and the men's duties on board are confined to an occasional wheel rotating and talkative watches. Half of the visual power of any image is in the differentiated appearance of the players—such as the lean, open-faced quality that makes Henry Fonda a working stiff before the story-writer has even put pencil to paper. But "Action in the North Atlantic" is so unconcerned with character as seen, that you could reshuffle all the characters and nothing would be gained or lost. The one interest, visually, of movies of this kind is the violent-action image; they do it well, and it moves right along from one spectacle to another with that smooth-surfaced vitality which is always interesting, and which gives you everything but human beings—the loneliness, and clear joy of it, the suffering and the complete excitement of sea life.

MANNY FARBER

News of Science

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED that the annual retail sale of drugs and medicaments throughout the United States amounts to rather more than a billion and a half dollars. Of this enormous volume of trade, less than one-sixth arises as the result of physicians' prescriptions. The remainder presumably is due, in large measure if not totally, to the incessant stream of ballyhoo advertising over radio and press which the patent-medicine manufacturers maintain. Unfortunately, honesty is not the key policy of their copy writers. Any medical man can tell you that the majority of their claims are cleverly worded deceptions based on physiological concepts entirely new to God and the physicians alike. Consider, for instance, the number of products which base their merits on their reputed ability to correct "an acid condition of the blood." For sheer buffoonery this is hard to beat. All the body fluids are maintained by delicate chemical mechanisms at a point which is practically neutral, neither acid nor alkaline. If this buffering mechanism fails, as in very rare instances it does, a condition absolutely incompatible with life results and the unfortunate patient dies. But the fact that an individual who has only the mildest degree of acidosis or alkalosis is necessarily at death's door does not deter the nostrum peddlers from gently but firmly insinuating that the most trivial upset is likely to precipitate one or other of these dire conditions.

Even the manufacturers of perfectly ordinary everyday hygienic necessities such as toothpaste and toilet paper have found that it pays to depict their products as the only sure means of guarding against wily diseases that creep in through the gums or even more mysterious portals. Any honest dentist will tell you that there is not a pin to be chosen between any two toothpastes or powders. Yet the Federal Trade Commission had recently to issue a complaint against the proprietors of a nationally selling brand for claiming that their product helped to prevent bleeding gums, woke up lazy gums and performed other wonders

for gums which had grown flabby from lack of "exercise." After commenting that the gums were no more capable of exercise than the toenails, the Commission issued its opinion that the only value of the toothpaste in question was as "a not unpleasant adjunct to the use of the toothbrush."

Another common fallacy exploited by the "never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning" school of advertising is the popular belief that everybody either requires or is benefited by a periodic dose of purgative. Nothing could be further from the truth. The healthy individual requires a laxative no more than he requires a remedy for rheumatism. Even when constipation actually exists, treatment by correction of the diet, mild exercise and the deliberate cultivation of bowel habit constitutes a far more physiologic cure than lifelong addiction to a bottle of salts. Equally fraudulent are the advertisers of "catch that cold in time" products. With all the pharmacopoeia at his disposal and a month's advance notice, the most skillful physician can do precisely nothing to abort the incipient cold. Adrenalin or ephedrine drops or spray can only contract the congested blood vessels and make the sufferer feel a little more comfortable. Menthol, camphor and other ingredients of much vaunted cold remedies do little more than provide an odor out of all proportion to their virtually nonexistent curative abilities. If a cold is really severe, the sensible thing is to go to bed and call a physician so that he can watch for complications. Paradoxically, if you develop pneumonia he can in most cases give you a specific which will cure in forty-eight hours.

Last year approximately one hundred million dollars passed across the counters of corner drug stores for vitamin preparations. Yet even the most enthusiastic nutritionist will tell you that the proportion of the American public requiring treatment by vitamins in pharmaceutical form is microscopically small. Admittedly, the medical profession itself has made much commotion about vitamin deficiencies during recent years, and with some physicians enthusiasm has threatened to outrun discretion. But the American Medical Association and the best nutrition experts have consistently set their faces against indiscriminate self-administration of these food elements, on the ground that they are dietary essentials which are present in adequate quantities in any sensible balanced diet. The determination of vitamin deficiency is often one of the most difficult diagnostic feats in all medicine and no task to be attempted by the layman. Nevertheless the radio diagnosticians blithely rush in where the experts fear to tread and in persuasive tones add multiple vitamin deficiencies to the long list of diseases which they have already conferred on the American public.

At some time or other nearly all of us have succumbed to the blandishments of these radio wheedlers (one might almost say seducers). A man would have needed nerves of steel to have forgone during recent years the temptation to buy one, just one, small carton of vitamin tablets—those mysterious, appealing little capsules which hold something akin to the magic elixir of life. After dosing himself for several weeks according to the instructions on the package, the average individual has found himself still unmoved by that superabundant vitality which should have been rightfully his had the vitamins lived up to the duties imposed on them by their manufacturers. But failure of one brand to relieve his suffering, real or supposed, only

means recourse to another. Such unfortunate people live and die—particularly the latter—by patent medicines. They usher in their mornings by waking their livers (this organ always wakes somewhat later than their other organs) with a liver stimulant and their last act at night is to remind their intestines of their solemn duty by flogging them with a product "that does the work of calomel without the dangers of calomel." They open their pores with one product and close them with another. They control the flow of their digestive juices as easily as they regulate a faucet. The irony of it is that the more of their patent medicines they take the more complex their condition becomes and the remoter grows the prospect of cure.

But not all who take patent medicines are necessarily hypochondriacs or, in the ordinary dealings of life, suckers. More than one president of a banking corporation has taken "kidney pills" until it has been too late for the surgeon to do anything for the cancer which has been rotting his prostate gland. More than one child has had his appendix perforated by use of a laxative when an operation was needed. We are all the potential victims of this unholy disease-distributing crusade, the old, the young, the fit and the unfit. Disregarding entirely the ethical issues involved, it is high time that effective repressive measures were taken against this deceptive form of advertising, whether through the medium of the press or radio. The Federal Trade Commission does a first-rate job in weeding out those manufacturers who tell the most blatant lies about their products, but seems powerless to tackle those who attain their ends by more subtle innuendo. Whatever it needs to stifle this dangerous propaganda should be provided, whether it be a more aggressive policy or laws with sharper teeth in them.

In this department, which appears at irregular intervals, we report on significant recent developments in science.
— THE EDITORS

A Communication

The Anatomy of the Liberal

SIR: About ten years ago the liberal weeklies settled into an older-brother attitude toward *The New Yorker*, periodically recognizing its precocity with an indulgent review. Its skill they admire extravagantly, while forced to note that "it is skill . . . expended on the essentially trivial." They feel nothing but sympathy for its writers, who are forced by the magazine's policy to "entertain themselves by concentrating on the merely decorative qualities of a scene," as the latest review in *The New Republic* points out. This is "a restriction brought on by an understandable hesitancy to explore their material deeply."

The New Yorker has of course never claimed any interest in world affairs or social problems, so that whenever a serious editorial appears, it is widely quoted, read aloud and even reprinted in the liberal weeklies—purely as a novelty. These novelties have become so frequent in the last year or so that I began to keep a file of short stories. The stories I now find in my file seem to be all atypical

variants of the essentially trivial New Yorker policy, as you can see from the following outline of their subject matter:

A Northern woman who deplores her husband's Southern prejudices is precipitated, by a vaguely sexual situation, into a blind panic of terror toward the black man (*Nancy Hale*). A rather sensitive, politically enlightened householder (he is described as a reader of PM and the liberal weeklies), embroiled in a legalistic wage-dispute with his Negro maid, is seduced by his own elaborate rationalizations into calling the police—"as referees" (*Robert Gorham Davis*). A small boy brings home a playmate from a middle-class Negro family, to whom his mother immediately offers charity. Impervious, both boys have nevertheless received their first lesson in racial discrimination (*Shirley Jackson*). A mild-mannered college professor, sincerely unable to feel jealous, loses his appetite when a younger friend's novel is praised (*Davis*). A "progressive" mother sends the wrong bundle to the school charity (her own cast-off underwear, to be opened by the town socialite); flies into a rage over the school's unliberal attitude toward "the poor"; forgets it when the bundle, mercifully unopened, earns her an invitation to a socialite tea (*Mark Schorer*). An intelligent woman of forty, accosted by a very young soldier, finds herself involved not only in fear of rape, with its underlying temptation, but in a humiliatingly snobbish reaction, illuminating the whole problem of civil-military relationships in wartime (*Robert M. Coates*). A wealthy drunk who is prevented by his bodyguard from picking a fight in every bar—not to express hostility but to seek outlet for his dammed-up affections—finally bites the bodyguard's hand and says, almost tearfully, "Hit me, then. Hit me. Will you never hit me?" This is not tagged "latent homosexuality," as it might have been in early Freudian days, but contains some of the essential loneliness and distorted love of every man in this culture (*Coates*).

For a lightweight snob magazine, this is not so trivial. Perhaps it is even time for the liberal reviewers to drop the older-brother attitude entirely.

In the course of taking the liberal apart, The New Yorker's psycho-sociological writers, quoted above, have developed a new formula for presenting social problems. The older one depended on the reader's identifying himself with the under-dog against the villain, society. But, of course, any writer who tries to arouse guilt in the reader as a member of society is up against the law of reader-inertia, shortly to be discovered by a disciple of Korzybski. [This law states that no sensible reader is going out of his way to feel guilty if there is any loophole for feeling indignant instead. Thus we get the semantic shift: "Society" means "Somebody Else."] Most writers of social protest, even in The New Yorker, have taken this chance with the reader. Sally Benson's Negro maid, going home on vacation, gets as far as Washington's Jim Crow station and goes back to New York instead. The reader, not unnaturally, says "Thank God I'm not a Southerner."

To plug up these loopholes and eliminate all possibility of villains, The New Yorker's psycho-sociological writers have decided to make the liberal reader identify himself not with the under-dog, but with the best element in society—that is, himself. He is then caught in a humiliating crisis where his liberalism breaks down, exposing the hidden

prejudices, ambition, snobbery, which even the most enlightened member of this society begins to imbibe almost with his mother's milk. To be reminded of the fact that in growing up we have not destroyed even such phantasms in ourselves as "Black men rape white women"—but merely pushed them below conscious level—this is of course morbid and unsettling. We hurry toward the nearest loophole, murmuring "Those poor snobs! Thank God I can see the larger issues." We are now in a position to call the story trivial, since it concerns some shut-ins who have never faced the realities of life.

Such uncoöperativeness, however, is made extremely difficult for the reader to maintain. These characters are not like Dorothy Parker's woman who was dying to meet the famous Negro singer, and betrayed her race prejudice with every disclaiming word she uttered ("Collected New Yorker Stories, 1940"). These characters are intelligent, educated, honest with themselves: you would expect any reader not suffering from an inferiority complex to jump at the identification.

The style is the familiar New Yorker one—impassive, reportorial, stingy with words—but the technique is new. In all the stories mentioned above, the trick is accomplished by catching the character off guard, at a moment in his interpersonal relationships chosen for its symbolic, rather than its actual, importance. His life pattern is revealed in miniature, while he himself may remain unaware of and almost unchanged by the crisis. The difficulties of this method are obvious: complicated emotions must be presented through dialogue and factual description, without a word of introspection or interpretation. One false word could easily cause the story to trip and fall on its face. But the reportorial style has at least two advantages. The reader is left free to derive as much meaning from the story as he wants, or is able, to put into it. Second, it places emphasis always on relationships, on the interaction between characters, rather than on the impact of people and events on a single character. When this technique is applied to emotions or ideas not generally accessible to conscious art, you get a new kind of psychological writing. None of these stories is Freudian, in the accepted literary sense, although they sometimes fail from the sheer weight of documentation under which they stagger, like case histories. If anything, they suffer from the opposite defect of "Freudian" literature—from O'Neill to Mary McCarthy—which too often presented man as an isolated bundle of complexes, usually Oedipal. Here, on the other hand, the central character occasionally gets lost in a mass of data and a tangle of relationships; we are told so much *about* him that we have no time to experience anything with him.

Robert Gorham Davis, the New Yorker's most ambitious social psychologist, seems even in a homely breakfast scene to be always struggling with the herculean complexity of his characters' interrelationships, each one a product of multiple heritages from the past, multiple pulls from the present. In the story mentioned, the subscriber to liberal weeklies disagrees with his maid and calls the police, thereby raising problems not only of racial and employment relations, but the whole question of aggression and child training. A secondary theme, argued between two generations, involves the disciplining of his two-year-old son. The man's own childhood relations with his stern father, his mother

and rival brother are sketched in; there is even an abridged childhood trauma, in case any clinician cares to make use of it. Both themes are brought together at the end by his mother: "Sooner or later you go back to doing things the way your fathers did."

This, then, appears to be the dispiriting conclusion to which an unwary act of identification can lead. Certainly none of these stories would inspire confidence in adult education, although they do hold out some hope for the second or third generation. The little boy in Shirley Jackson's story continues, in spite of his mother's charitable efforts, to meet his Negro friend as an equal; and some of the other New Yorker children, in or out of progressive schools, are also doing things a little differently from their parents. But the grown-ups struggle along with the same old habits. No mother ever profits from the lucid advice offered by the school psychologist; nobody's character is transformed by subscribing to PM. It is possible, however, to identify yourself with these people—and still avoid undue guilt or pessimism. I have already thought of several loopholes, details of which I will be glad to mail on request.

I do not know what solution the New Yorker sociologists would offer to the problems they have raised—if, indeed, any. They are probably so filled with resignation, born of being always misunderstood by the reviewers, that they have lost faith even in their own educational program. But I am sure they would offer nothing but encouragement to more impetuous journals—whom they regard, in fact, with brotherly indulgence.

Norfolk, Va.

MARJORIE FARBER

The Bandwagon

Mr. Brown said the Red Cross had no objection to any of its 12,000 employees joining a union any more than it would interfere with their joining a club, church or any other organization. It would not stand for collective bargaining on wages, hours or working conditions, he added, however. — *From The New York World-Telegram.*

CHURCHWOMEN FAVOR

FEEDING CHILDREN

— *Headline in The Christian Century.*

They took God into partnership—and made it pay! — *Headline of a book advertisement in The New York Times Book Review.*

That All-Out Effort

The Odessa [Texas] Junior Chamber of Commerce announced Wednesday it would ask the city council to pass an ordinance calling for all citizens of this city to leave the prefix "dam" off the word "Damyantee."

This has been brought about because hundreds of soldiers at two air schools near here hail from the North. — *AP dispatch to The Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

The Dialectics of Materialism

Darwin developed his great theory of evolution and the origin of species from his observation of the variations in plants and animals. Even minute variations, he found, often gave one variety a winning edge in the struggle for survival. . . . The same law holds good for merchandise. Often the variations be-

tween competitive products are minute ones. But searched out and nurtured by advertising they become the basis for product survival, improvement and development. This is why government grade labeling and other efforts at standardization are, in the long run, deterrents to progress. — *From a weekly column, "Diary of an Ad Man," in Advertising Age.*

Total-War Department

All deferred male students [at the University of California] have registered with the "War Manpower Rationing Board," and the girls take over from there. With forty-eight points per month per girl, points are subtracted from the ration book for each man she sits next to in class, each man who serves her meals, each man who lives in the house next door.

The theory is that even if the girl does not manage to get a date out of every man she meets she at least has the opportunity to try. Therefore, she must give up her points. — *From The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Mr. Grew's Wishful Thinking

SIR: [Not so long ago] I heard former Ambassador Grew speak on Japan. He seemed to think that if we could get rid of Tojo and the military party in Japan, everything would run along smoothly. To those of us who have studied Japan's population problem it appears that Mr. Grew is doing some wishful thinking. The Japanese already have about twice as many people as their home land will reasonably support, and their age composition is such that their population would increase about one-third during the next sixty years even if the Japanese in the childbearing age merely reproduced themselves. . . . Germany is different from her Axis partners in this respect. Population pressure in Germany should begin to ease in about fifteen years because her net reproduction rate has averaged 10 percent below replacement since World War I.

Arlington, Va.

GUY IRVING BURCH

America and the Pope

SIR: A friend of mine has called my attention to an article published by the review America on March 27, 1943, which concerns itself with what I wrote under the title, "The Pope and Fascism," in The New Republic of March 8, 1943. Perhaps the readers of The New Republic will be interested in knowing what America has to say.

They will remember, I hope, that one of my basic contentions was to the effect that when dealing with Vatican policies, one must always keep in mind that the Pope not only affirms the "thesis," i. e., the truth, the right, the good, but also keeps the way open for "hypotheses," that is, compromises by means of which a lesser evil can be squeezed from the imperfect world. Therefore, whoever wants to form a correct idea of Vatican policies must take into account not only the moral principles the Pope asserts, but also his actions, more or less remote from the moral principles.

America reminds its readers of the fact that in July, 1929, Pius XI told the Italian Catholic Actionists that there is only one way of thinking in the Catholic sense, and such a way of think-

ing is not Fascist but Catholic. These words—America remarks—“seem not to echo a passionate love for fascism.”

Had my article dealt with Pius XI, and not with Pius XII, I would have had no reason to overlook the fact that Pius XI . . . had asserted the Catholic doctrine, which is neither a fascist totalitarian, nor a communist totalitarian . . . but a Catholic totalitarian doctrine. But I should also have added, “Now let us look at the ‘hypotheses.’” And I would have found a flood of “hypotheses,” which, however, would not have meant that Pius XI “felt passionate love for fascism.” One can coöperate with no passionate love. Pius XI did coöperate. This is the point.

In my article, I stated that it was not true that in 1939 Mussolini had published by a Fascist paper a list of cardinals who would not be acceptable to him, and that that list was headed by Pacelli. What was actually published by Mussolini's henchmen was a list of possible winners, and this list was headed by Cardinal Della Costa, who never had been popular with the Fascists, but who was now described as “a prelate of evangelical charity and incomparable goodness.” Mussolini had no ground to be disturbed by Pacelli's being elected Pope. These were the relevant facts. To these facts I added a “guess” of mine: Mussolini had endeavored to make Costa's election impossible by clamoring that he was his man.

America takes good care not to inform its readers about the facts under discussion, but jumps upon my “guess” as if nothing else had ever existed in this world and writes: “(1) The consistory which elected Cardinal Pacelli was pro-fascist, since it rejected the anti-fascist Della Costa. (2) But they did so because Mussolini smartly made them think Della Costa was *his* man. This to our simple way of thinking, would seem to make them anti-fascist.”

Had America wanted to understand, it would have realized that some cardinals, for instance the French cardinals, while well disposed toward Mussolini on account of the political and financial favors he had bestowed upon the Vatican and the Catholic clergy in Italy, might have regarded as a challenge to the French Catholics the election of a candidate publicly patronized by Francophobe Mussolini. By patronizing a man like Della Costa, whom he did not like, Mussolini was grinding grist for Pacelli's mill. But this, I repeat, was a mere guess of mine, and America is at liberty to reject it, on the condition it does not keep its readers in darkness about the facts which have to be established or disproved. . . .

America attributes to me the following line of reasoning: “The Pope talks and acts like a neutral as far as his own Catholic children are concerned. Ergo, he means nothing he says about the heathen ideologies that are tormenting them.”

Here again, America does not understand that my contention was to the effect that Pius XII, while condemning in his talks heathen ideologies and claiming that he was neutral, did not act as a neutral so far as Italian Fascist politics were concerned.

America writes: “He [the Pope] blesses newlyweds and admits German Catholic soldiers to an audience; so the Pope, being a Fascist, would surely tell the Swiss Guards to throw out any British or American soldiers if they were in Rome and asked for a blessing.”

On this score again America misses the point. My point was—and is—that receiving and blessing *in time of war* German and Italian soldiers, praising them for “serving the beloved fatherland with loyalty and love” and hailing their “heroism on the battlefields” (Pius XII's words), when the soldiers of the Allied nations were not in a position to be received and blessed likewise, was not “neutrality” but “coöperation.” I wrote: “Never during the war of 1914-18 had Benedict XV received French, British or Italian soldiers. . . . Not even Pius XI, during the Ethiopian war, went so far as to receive Italian officers

and soldiers.” Why does America ignore these facts? Why does not America maintain that Pius II was right when he broke away from the precedents set up by his predecessors? Why does not America spend one single word to explain Pius XII's connivance with Ante Pavelich, and the Axis-created Kingdom of Croatia?

America wonders “what good these men expect to achieve” when they maintain that the Vatican is fighting fascism “only in talks but not in deeds.” “These men” believe that the Gospel of St. John is right when it teaches that the truth will set us free. Therefore, according to their lights, they assert the truth against those Jesuit Fathers of America who circulate misinformation and misconceptions.

Cambridge, Mass.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

“Mission to Moscow”

SIR: I am moved to protest against Mr. Manny Farber's bilious eruption over “Mission to Moscow” which you apparently print as movie criticism in your issue of May 10.

I have not seen the movie and do not know whether it is good or bad. But I did read Mr. Davies' book and, like many thousands of others, found it both fresh and immensely revealing. I dare believe that if the facts it discloses had been made known to the American people sooner . . . the task of cementing an alliance with Russia would not have encountered the difficulties that have so far balked it. . . .

How could a person entertaining such views of Mr. Davies' book . . . possibly be fair to a picture dealing with either? One would not be surprised to find such bile in the reactionary press . . . but one is shocked to find it in *The New Republic*, especially at this time.

New York City

DAVID L. WEISSMAN

SIR: . . . I take off my hat to Manny Farber. He hit the old nail on the head [in his review of “Mission to Moscow”]—putrid as the whole mess is. When one thinks of all the splendid accomplishments which can justly and confidently be lauded, the stanch, the gloriously fighting Russian men and women, and too, the lively spirit of the Russian character, this kind of perversion is shameful. I wish his review could be given greater publicity.

New York City

GRACE ROSS

SIR: Truth and life, as someone has said, are in the nuance, not in the black and white. Mr. Farber writes, in his review of “Mission to Moscow,” in an implied context, that nuance is the rule in Hollywood and that “Mission to Moscow” is the exception which proves that rule!

The picture, he goes on to say, is “repulsive and insulting to a democratic intelligence,” just as if the American film industry were producing other wartime films which do not tamper with democratic intelligence. As a more than random observer of the film, I have not seen such films—have scarcely seen such American films in peacetime for that matter.

Mr. Farber's criticism aside, for what it is worth, “Mission to Moscow” has at least this real historical distinction: Warner Brothers has had the courage to make the first Hollywood film in favor of the great and inspiring Soviet Union! What is important about the picture is its intention and attempt to celebrate a great country which has long been maligned and disgracefully minimized in our press and cinema!

Why be surprised that the film uses Hollywood methods? It was, after all, made there, in a Hollywood studio. What should surprise us is that the film, a real package of dynamite for Hollywood, was attempted at all; and no just criticism of this picture, the writer feels, should neglect mention of that extremely radical fact!

New York City

CLIFFORD ODETS

When the Boys Come Marching Home:

SIR: This war—like others before it and others yet to come—is an ideological headache. Even the American Legion has been moved by the spirit of the times. . . . According to one newspaper correspondent, “the older veterans are determined to conduct the Legion as a fighting organization on the home front.” The Legionnaires are launching a campaign which will result, they hope, in “actively and immediately identifying ourselves with the veterans of this war.” . . .

In addition to providing the services of its lobby the Legion is going to do its share to provide demobilized soldiers and sailors with jobs. To that end a special committee has recommended to the National Executive Committee that it “take such steps as are necessary to the effect that no persons holding an honorable discharge from service during wartime in the armed forces of the United States shall be forced to join any trade union or other organization in order to gain employment.” . . .

The implications are plain. Strange, the striking resemblance between the Legion’s post-war and pre-war planning. Incidentally, the chairman of the Legion’s National Defense Committee urges that the navy take over the merchant marine and pay the civilians at navy rates. . . . The reactionaries are embarking upon the course of utilizing the armed forces and the veterans of the present war as a counterpoise to the labor movement. More than that, the United States for the first time in its history faces the threat of militarism, the possibility of frequent and decisive intervention by the army and navy in civilian government and industry. There is no exaggerating the reactionary potentialities of such a threatened assumption of political functions in peacetime by the military. . . .

Unless the labor movement and its supporters can convince the homecoming soldier or sailor that their interests are his, he will become a willing tool of reaction. Those of us who are in the service can do little about the evident danger. We’re much too busy, we’re not always free to speak and, I’m afraid, we don’t always have a sympathetic audience. Civilians, the labor movement and those who cooperate with it, must bestir themselves in the already beginning battle for the support of the soldier and sailor who returns from the war. And they must prepare for a new enemy, an expanded, confident, far-flung army and navy in alliance with reaction.

c/o Fleet Post Office, New York City

A SAILOR

Post-War Germany

SIR: Mr. Ehrmann’s discussion of “Washington’s Plan for Germany” [May 3] is a notable one. If Kingsbury Smith’s article really represents the administration’s post-war philosophy, it is time for some highly vocal indignation. We have a right to demand a post-war policy in regard to Germany which is a sane and practical one, and which will be an effective weapon *now* in speeding final victory. And now is the time to resist those specious realists who cry aloud for . . . justice, but who actually ride the tide of war-charged passion.

In all likelihood Germany will suffer such a smashing defeat that she will be left temporarily stunned and leaderless. There will be a period in which both Allied military and political control will be necessary to establish and maintain order. That much is inevitable. But it must be a basic principle of allied occupation that every encouragement shall be given to Germans to assume their own political leadership in the shortest possible time—so long as the persons and party attracting public support neither use nor advocate the use of violence as an instrument of social control. . . .

It is unthinkable that we should require German conform-

ity to a narrowly drawn democratic blueprint before we relax our political trusteeship. Every thoughtful student of government knows that democracy must develop gradually and be accompanied by a national state of mind favorable to its development. This state of mind cannot be imposed by the will of the Allied nations.

Any large-scale attempt to “educate Germany for democracy” would be as farcical as it would be ineffectual. We will be woefully ill equipped to do the job even were it feasible, and Germany would be in the worst imaginable mood to absorb such propaganda. Suffice it that we shall tear down the Nazi-erected barriers to intellectual freedom and opportunity, vigilantly guard against their recurrence, and then allow Germany to work out the system of government adapted to her own needs and national temperament. . . .

True, we should be unyielding in our determination to demilitarize the Reich once and for all. But it is not probable that the bomb-wracked population will accept this condition with much hostility, at least for a time. They will have drunk too deeply of the bitter cup of war.

Once Germany is demilitarized, as all agree must be done, what possible advantage can accrue from her “dismemberment” as an economic unit? That will serve to weaken not only Germany but the entire European economy as well. With the world moving inexorably toward greater economic cohesion, it is futile to attempt an economic solution as reactionary as this. It simply would not endure. . . .

REO M. CHRISTENSON, Warrant Officer,

Fort Rosecrans, Calif.

United States Army

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The March on Washington Movement informs us that a Citizens’ Committee is being organized to support Arthur Garfield Hays and Albert Gilbert, who will present the case for Winfred Lynn in the Second District Federal Court early in June. . . . “Winfred Lynn is a Negro soldier suing for his release from the army because the army violates that provision of the draft law of 1940 which states ‘in the selection and training of men . . . there shall be no discrimination against any person on account of race or color.’”

Pvt. Pat Glancy of Fort Totten, New York, wants to know “. . . how it is possible for certain notorious anti-United Nations publications to continue their tirades. . . . At a time when this country is engaged against the Nazis they continue . . . to sabotage the fight against the greatest mass enslavement . . . the world has ever known. . . .”

The deportation of Harry Bridges is unjustified, in the opinion of Irma Myers Arthur, of Vallejo, California, so long as the Communist Party itself has legal status.

In The New Republic of May 17 we printed an advertisement for The New Republic in the course of which we quoted from a letter received from a correspondent in Hollywood. This correspondent described a discussion at a recent meeting of “the local Newman Club,” a Catholic organization, into which The New Republic entered. Mr. James Duff, of San Marino, California, writes in to say that he was present at this meeting and that he feels our correspondent was inaccurate on several important points.

Mary S. Wells of New York City writes to us endorsing Stanton A. Coblentz’s criticism of our “versified infusions.” Miss Wells says that whereas she has always been able to understand our political and economic articles, the poetry we have printed has plunged her into complete intellectual humility. Mr. Coblentz’s criticism “. . . gives comfort to my ego, and to some extent relieves the pressure of my inferiority complex. . . .”

Books in Review

Russian Turnabout

ALL THE NEW BOOKS from Russia tell the same surprising story, although their authors write from different points of view. Henry C. Cassidy, who works for the Associated Press, made the two biggest scoops that have been cabled from Moscow since the war, each consisting of a personal letter from Stalin. But his book, for all its clear reporting of diplomatic gossip and military campaigns, is written from inside the invisible wall that surrounds foreign correspondents in Russia. The best chapter of "Moscow Dateline"¹ deals with Churchill's visit and the state dinner at which he appeared in a blue coverall with a zipper front; the Russians didn't like his costume. . . . Walter Graebner had a special assignment to find out "what the Russian people are really like, what they are doing and where they are going." Working for *Time* and *Life* had taught him to look for hard, bright, picturesque details, and he collected hundreds of them. But in spite of his evident good will, he was handicapped by knowing very little about Russian history and nothing about the Russian language. The two most revealing chapters in his "Round Trip to Russia"² deal with the life that is led there by American correspondents.

Maurice Hindus was born in a White Russian village, to which he returned at frequent intervals from 1923 to 1936. He has written a dozen well informed and sympathetic books about the Soviet Union, but some of them weren't liked by the Kremlin, and for six years he confined his travels to western Europe. In 1942 he went back to Russia and found that he was visiting what was in many respects a new country. "Mother Russia,"³ the report of his new journey, is a book that covers too much territory and sometimes depends too much on articles in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, *Young Communist Truth*. Its style is old-fashioned, with too many tears, too many hips and hurrahs; but for all these faults it contains more news and more intelligent observations than any other book that has been written about Russia since the war. Hindus knows what he is talking about. . . . The fourth of these authors, Boris Voyetekhov, is a Russian dramatist who went to Sevastopol as a correspondent for *Pravda* about a month before the city fell. "The Last Days of Sevastopol"⁴ is patriotic journalism dealing with a subject that will some day receive more careful treatment, perhaps from Voyetekhov himself; it reads like the material he has gathered for a stirring play. Besides describing the heroism of the defenders, who never surrendered their city but died among its ruins, he confirms in many details the story

that Hindus and Graebner and Cassidy have been telling.

The story is that Russia, in the twenty-sixth year of her revolution, has ceased to be a revolutionary country. It is socialist still; the factories remain under government ownership and the land has been permanently collectivized. After the war it may become even more socialistic. But in moral and cultural matters, the spirit today is conservative; the Russians are turning toward the past to find the sources of their strength as a nation.

People think and act differently since the war. Hindus noticed that nobody asked him what was his social origin and whether he came from a family of factory workers, kulaks, intellectuals or *bourzhui*. That used to be one of the first questions a foreigner had to answer, but now the younger Russians seemed to have lost their class-consciousness. Something else had also disappeared, for none of these authors—except perhaps Graebner, when he became too inquisitive about the life of a ballet dancer—found that people were afraid of the political police. Cassidy notes that although several Russian generals proved incompetent, none of them was purged; they were simply given easier assignments at the rear. Men in the Red Army and the Red Fleet acted with complete self-assurance. If they chose to be devout Christians, or to get drunk with foreigners at a regimental mess, or to model their acts and their side-whiskers after those of a brave Tsarist admiral—well, that was their own business.

When the war began, many of the Trotskyists in this country thought that Stalin would be afraid to arm the people or that, if he did, they would turn the arms against him. But in city after city, the whole population has been given weapons, and nobody has suffered but the Germans. In Sevastopol, Voyetekhov saw little shopgirls carrying rifles and an old woman walking on tiptoe for fear that the hand grenades on her belt would explode. The guerrillas behind the German lines have been able to depend on the support of the whole population—including the children, who act as their scouts. More than any other conflict since Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812, this has been a people's war.

On the German side, it has come close to being a biological war—that is, a fight to enslave or exterminate a hostile species. Although the Nazi leaders thundered against communism, they have really been more terrified by the Russian birth rate and by the fact that this immense population to the east of them was acquiring the tools and skills of the machine age. This explains what the Russians say was "the deliberate German policy of repression, impoverishment, degradation, starvation and extermination of the civilian Russian population and of Russian war prisoners."

I am quoting from Hindus, the only American who talked directly with the inhabitants of several rescued villages. He found that what impressed them was not only the brutality of the Germans but also their blind passion to defile and destroy. Books were the first object that attracted them, after barnyard fowls: they used the Russian classics to fill mudholes or keep the fires going. At

¹ *Moscow Dateline, 1941-43*, by Henry C. Cassidy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 385 pages. \$3.

² *Round Trip to Russia*, by Walter Graebner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 216 pages. \$3.

³ *Mother Russia*, by Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 408 pages. \$3.50.

⁴ *The Last Days of Sevastopol*, by Boris Voyetekhov. Translated by Ralph Parker and V. M. Genne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 237 pages. \$2.50.

the Tolstoy homestead, they refused to gather firewood. "We don't need it," a German doctor said. "We'll burn everything connected with the name of Tolstoy." School houses were set afire or used for stables. Everything that contributed to the well being of the inhabitants was next destroyed, often at the cost of the Germans' own comfort or safety. At the village of Zolitolovo, they pulled down all the houses, leaving the peasants without shelter during the winter—but the Germans themselves had to live in dugouts. At Pohorolye, they wrecked the water system and drew their own drinking water from the rivers, with the result that they suffered from dysentery. They filled the drainage ditches, and their own tanks were mired in the village streets. They burned the bathhouse and the hospital, which might have been used by their troops. They ate or wasted all the seed grain, although Germans at home were going hungry. Apparently their aim was to reduce North Russia to an empty wilderness that could afterwards be repopulated by German colonists.

Soon the Russians began to hate not only fascists but the whole tribe of German invaders; they too were fighting a biological war. "Kill the German," said an article in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. "Kill the German!" is the plea of your old mother. "Kill the German!" is the plea of the girl you love. "Kill the German!" whispers the very grass of your native land, now so drenched in blood." But along with this physical hatred for Germans went a love for everything Russian—the people, the trees, the wheat-fields, the land itself. There was a new growth of regional pride, with the people of each province boasting that it was the best in the Soviet Union. But most of all, there was a huge pride in the Russian past—in the *predki*, the ancestors.

A quotation from Stalin was printed on a war poster, beneath a portrait of General Kutuzov, who defeated Napoleon: "Let the valorous example of our great ancestors inspire you in this war." Newspapers talked of the old national heroes: Kutuzov and Suvarov, Dmitri Don-skoy and Alexander Nevsky. The most popular Russian novelist, Alexey Tolstoy, has written a play about Ivan IV, who is no longer called Ivan the Terrible. Tolstoy referred to him in an interview as "one of the most remarkable figures in Russian history. . . . He represents the Russian in all his grandiose ambitions, his fervid will, his inexhaustible capacities, his powers and his shortcomings."

Worship of the *predki* was combined with a reaction against the doctrines of the immediate past. The proletarian novels of the 1920's were no longer being reprinted; instead there were huge editions of the classics and new historical novels about the achievements of Russia under the Tsars. The men who defended Sevastopol against the Germans were inspired by memories of those other heroes who defended the city in 1855, against French and English invaders. Voyetekhov, with two wounded soldiers, visited the ruins of a historical museum where the chief attraction was an immense panorama of the earlier siege. It was late at night, and they built a fire of broken furniture on the marble floor, under the shattered glass of the dome. By firelight, to the rumble of artillery, the curator began to deliver his lecture. "These are not heroes," he said, "that you see in the painting, but deluded professional soldiers who were thrown unwillingly into the war." Voyetekhov

explains this remark: "the curator was merely reading from a Crimean guidebook which had been written by some idiot in 1935." Almost every book the Russians praised in 1935 now seems idiotic. A Communist said to Hindus, "Don't forget, the Soviets are now twenty-five years old. We have come of age. So why bring up what we did when we were young."

The war was being fought by young people, intensely loyal to the Soviets. But old people—the *stariki*, who used to be treated with contempt—were being honored as the guardians of national tradition. The old moral codes were being more strictly observed. Hindus asked two of the Komsomol leaders, "If you had a boy in your organization who was known to be enjoying or seeking cohabitation now with one girl, now with another, what would happen?"—"We'd expel him," said the first leader. "We'd not only expel him," said the second, "we'd disgrace him in public at a meeting and in the local press."

In wartime Russian families clung together more closely than they ever did in time of peace. A woman who divorced her soldier husband was in danger of complete social ostracism. Hindus says that the two words he heard spoken in the most solemn tone were *rodina* and *semya*, fatherland and family. Religion was not such a popular word, but there was no sign anywhere of anti-religious propaganda. The Russian Orthodox Church was being tolerated, not so much because it was a church as because it was Russian. Besides supporting a patriotic war, it was preaching in favor of collective farms and state-owned factories. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the revolution, the Metropolitan Sergey of Moscow addressed a letter to Stalin. He said that the faithful of the Orthodox Church "heartily and prayerfully greet in your person the God-chosen leader of our military and cultural forces." *Pravda* printed the letter and capitalized the name of God—Cassidy says, for the first time in the history of the Soviet Union.

All four authors have chapters in which they discuss the question whether the United States and Russia can get along together after the war. All four of them agree that there is no serious point of conflict. Russia wants her boundaries as they were in 1941. She wants severe penalties for the German leaders who have enslaved and massacred her people. But she does not want to rule Western Europe and she does not want to convert the world to communism. These books were written before Stalin dissolved the Comintern, but they make it clear that this act was not a mere episode in political warfare or a gesture to please Gospodin Roosevelt. It was a development out of everything that has happened in Russia for the last fifteen years. Socialism in one country is a slogan that means exactly what it says.

All through the 1930's, the Soviet Union was a second fatherland for millions of people in other countries, including our own. It was the land where men and women were sacrificing themselves to create a new civilization, not for Russia alone but for the world. It was not so much a nation, in the eyes of Western radicals, as it was an ideal, a faith and an international hope of salvation. All these illusions have been shattered, as they deserved to be. Russia today is saving the democratic world because she wants to save Russia. If the Westerners are to have a new civilization they will have to create it for themselves; there will be no Russian messiah to lead them.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Creative Encounters

The Shock of Recognition: The Development of Literature in the United States Recorded by the Men Who Made It, edited by Edmund Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1,290 pages. \$5.

THE PUBLICATION of an anthology is an occasion for argument; the nature and value of the compilation determining the temper and level of discussion. Of all the varieties of anthologies the most provocative, if not always the most useful, is the one organized about an original principle of selection and dominated by the ideas and tastes of the editor. The title and subtitle of Edmund Wilson's anthology express what he has attempted to do, and a brief foreword sets forth explicitly what he excludes. Here immediately I must argue with Wilson for deciding to omit "general discussions" of "literary principles and tendencies" and "essays and reviews by professional literary critics." For reasons of space alone he has felt it necessary to confine himself "to pieces which deal with particular writers." By this double blow we are deprived of much of the best criticism of Emerson, Melville (the magnificent letters in Julian Hawthorne's life of his parents), Henry James, Howells, Eliot ("Tradition and the Individual Talent" at least), and of such stray pieces as James Thurber's review of "Proletarian Literature in the United States," which appeared in these pages several years ago, Randolph Bourne's "History of a Literary Radical" and Katherine Anne Porter's brief preface to "Flowering Judas."

The exclusion of "professional literary critics" should disturb no one very deeply, but surely Parrington on Roger Williams or Edmund Wilson on Henry James would not have been out of place. Ironically, Wilson's adherence to the admirable and rarely observed principle of printing selections in full deprives him of the space needed to round out the record of our literary development as seen by its makers. And on other grounds, several of the items could have been omitted or drastically cut. Much of James Russell Lowell's "Fable for Critics" is boring and most of Amy Lowell's "Critical Fable" is drivel. Henry James's little book on Hawthorne and Howells' brief memoir of Mark Twain are easily obtainable in any library or second-hand-book store, and Henry Adams' "George Cabot Lodge"—"this dreary and cold little book" by Wilson's confession—consumes a hundred pages a number of which could have been better taken up with a selection from Adams' letters. And some fragments of "recognition" which deserve inclusion only when extracted from their *loci*—Hemingway's references to Twain in "Green Hills of Africa," Howells' acknowledgment of J. W. DeForest in "Heroines of Fiction," passages here and there in Margaret Fuller and Hawthorne on Brockden Brown—are missing either on principle or from oversight.

Since a few Europeans, Mallarmé, Wells and Lawrence, are permitted to comment on American writers, it might have been equally rewarding to have included James on the French realists, Howells on the Russians, and again by extract, Willa Cather on Flaubert and Dos Passos on Joyce.

A number of the selections are inevitable and just: specimens of Poe's literary journalism, Emerson's beautiful

memorial of Thoreau, the documents on the relations of Emerson and Whitman, Melville's "Hawthorne and His Mosses," James on Howells and Mencken on Dreiser. There are several surprises: one of them, Bayard Taylor's literary burlesques, "Diversions of the Echo Club," could well have been left in mothballs along with Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," which Wilson wisely ignores. An essay on Henry James by T. S. Eliot from *The Little Review* of August, 1918, is here reprinted for the first time (although F. O. Matthiessen brought it to our attention in "American Renaissance") and is good to have readily available. John Dos Passos' review of "The Enormous Room" is also reprinted for the first time and should remind the critics of today that enthusiasm is not incompatible with sound judgment.

Indeed, generosity is one of the keynotes to these selections. Witness Emerson's response to Thoreau and Whitman, Melville's to Hawthorne, the fine interchange between Howells and Mark Twain and Howells and James, Mencken's championship of Dreiser (although a large part of Mencken's Dreiser is a fabrication in the image of Mencken). We have seen again and again that the relation of the American writer to society at large, to his community and often to his family has been a difficult and at times a tragic encounter. In view of this it is salutary that Wilson has emphasized the "shock of recognition," the ennobling confrontation of equals, in choosing his materials.

The introductions that accompany each piece are for the most part excellent; the combination of biography and criticism is the kind of writing in which Wilson's knowledge and skills have always been most successfully employed. If he is mistaken about Poe's worth (he should reread the strictures of Yvor Winters and Aldous Huxley on Poe), cold to the values of Emerson and Howells (he misses the vital reserves of equalitarianism and rationalism in Howells), perfunctory in introducing Santayana, his notes on the remaining writers frequently surpass in value the matter upon which they comment.

This book reinforces the feeling I have long had that in Wilson's criticism there is a central paradox. For a socialist his taste is curiously aristocratic. He is more at home with Poe and James than with Whitman and Twain. Perhaps it follows from this that for a social critic of literature (and surely he is one of the ablest since Taine) he is extremely "literary." One remembers the disproportionate space given Renan and Anatole France in "To the Finland Station," which he characterized as a "study in the writing and acting of history." This could account for the overly large doses of the Lowells and Bayard Taylor in the present book. Of greater importance is the fact that his failure to resolve these conflicts has prevented him from giving an explicit statement of the principles of his literary criticism.

In 1869 Flaubert wrote to George Sand:

You speak of criticism in your last letter to me, telling me that it will soon disappear. I think, on the contrary, that it is, at most, only at its dawning. . . . At the time of La Harpe, they were grammarians; at the time of Sainte-Beuve and of Taine, they are historians. When will they be artists, only artists, but really artists. Where do you know a criticism? Who is there who is anxious about the work in itself, in an intense way? They analyze very keenly the setting in which it was

written, and the causes that produced it; but the *unconscious* poetic expression? Where it comes from? Its composition, its style? the point of view of the author? Never.

That criticism would require great imagination and great sympathy. I mean a faculty of enthusiasm that is always ready, and then *taste*, a rare quality, even among the best, so much so that one does not talk about it any longer.

For bringing together much of the criticism of this nature that America possesses Edmund Wilson and his publishers deserve our praise. GEORGE MAYBERRY

Beginning of a Beginning

Genesis: Book One, by Delmore Schwartz. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 208 pages. \$3.

MR. SCHWARTZ's "Genesis," which takes the protagonist through his first seven years, is a long poem-with-prose, conforming to a satisfying architectural plan. It is less evocative than it is declarative. In the poetry I miss chiefly evocation: multitudinous feelings are declared, but the feelings are not sufficiently evoked in the reader—a deficiency in the poetry if a boon to the narration.

What impressed me in the work was not that New York is made the locus of America, for that is conventional; not that typical scenes from childhood are revealed as foundations of character, for that is a probation; not that sex is without subtlety in Schwartz, for that was expected; not that Capitalism is the great stated ogre and conditioner, for we can anticipate later parts of this long poem; but that the work could have been written at all. For this represents a triumph and control over time and events, in their inexhaustible meanings, for the enactment in art of what we are fighting for in the field; the triumph of an elaborate plan methodically carried out in years and in a time when the mind seems fitful.

Schwartz is photographing the "higher lower middle class" in people recently arrived from Europe. He hits the nail on the head. Hershey Green is named for a Hershey bar. No imaginative nails to fix imaginative stuffs by mental percussives. No Henry Jamesian subtleties and insights into terror or fixation in childhood, but statement, statement, statement, about, about, about. View life from the outside, tell a story. The intention is thus epical, not evocative. He does not evoke in the reader the moods; he tells us what the moods are. The verse is written with a deep natural understanding of English, without minimizing artifice and with strong continuing emotional flow, and with the emotions masterfully pointing at the moving target of the story as it crosses our line of sight. But it still does not raise the blood pressure. The fallacy is basic that it should. A long poem precludes sustentation of heights. The long-range bomber is not your whirligig Zero.

The poem, in this first part of it, is a variegated phenomenon. There is such freshness of perception, such understanding of childhood, such a cohesion and order in the writing, and indeed such splendid areas of poetic feeling, that one acknowledges the satisfaction of a harmonious work of art. "O Life is beautiful beyond belief." The poem is enjoyable without the need for belief.

RICHARD EBERHART

CHIMPANZEES

A Laboratory Colony

Robert M. Yerkes

For some twenty-five years Dr. Yerkes and his staff have conducted pioneer studies of the habits and social life of chimpanzees. In this book he has summed up his knowledge of the most adaptable and quick-witted of the great apes. The curious reader will be able to learn from its pages something not only about chimpanzees but about himself as well. For this ape resembles his human betters in more ways than one, and while he is an experimental subject of tremendous resources in his own right, under Dr. Yerkes' careful analysis he becomes something even more interesting.

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History by Interview

Queens Die Proudly, by W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 273 pages. \$2.50.

IN THE SHADOW of a battered old Flying Fortress, retired from combat and perched safely on an American air field, W. L. White listened to the story of the Army Air Forces in the early days of the Pacific war. He heard it from five fliers and the wife of one, then hammered their oral accounts into readable English. The result is a book-length interview on the model of "They Were Expendable," his first experiment in this form.

The story begins on Luzon the day the war started. Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Frank Kurtz, a former Olympic diving star, who does most of the talking, was about to make a reconnaissance flight over Formosa to inspect Japanese preparations there. While his men worked in the morning sun, checking the plane and fastening cameras in the bomb bay, Kurtz was receiving final instructions from his superiors. Just then, the Nakajimas and Zeros came swarming over in great clusters, following their dawn attack on Pearl Harbor with a quick blow at the Philippines. Kurtz hopped a bicycle and started for his Fortress. But the bombing and strafing forced him to stop in mid-field. He ditched his bike and dived for a slit trench, from which he got a remarkable, if uncomfortable, view of the whole affair. When the Jap mission was completed, Kurtz went on across the field. Stretched out in an irregular line leading away from the plane lay his crew, all eight of them dead.

The narrative moves swiftly southward along the American line of retreat: from Clark Field to Del Monte on Mindanao, to Borneo, Java, and finally to Port Darwin and the other bases on the desolate topside of Australia. All the men have separate stories to tell, and Margo, Kurtz's wife, cuts in occasionally to key in developments over there with familiar events and attitudes here. As Japanese planes and ships pursue our forces down into the Antipodes, the men disperse and pick up different angles on the war. The exploits of Colin Kelly, Buzz Wagner and Shorty Wheless are all retold by fliers who fought with them. Kurtz worked out a spell as a liaison officer stationed in Java, and he pictures well the tragic effects of poor, often nonexistent, relations with the Dutch and between our own army and navy. But the accounts of bombing missions, particularly an epic run on Jap transports in Macassar Strait, dominate the book, and these reports are the best and most vivid I have read anywhere. From them one gets a deep feeling for the personnel and the incomparable equipment of the Air Forces. Fighter pilots are nervous, crazy puppies, but the men who fly the bombers are sober, reflective and remarkably disinterested. They credit their planes with far more courage and ingenuity than themselves and their fellows, and their talk about the great Forts is shot through with the pathetic fallacy. To prove their great *Queens die*, rather than crack up or burn, Gunner Boone cites, with more than a little mystic awe, a battle off Java in which a Fort kept on flying in formation after all its crew were dead or floundering in the sea.

White handles a difficult form with remarkable skill. Although he does not succeed in differentiating the men by

their modes of expression, he does render spoken English into a fine narrative prose and seldom lets his own rhetoric disturb the conversational tone of the book. The method requires abnegation and humility of the writer, for he must edit and rewrite rather than create. If White keeps on working in this form (the modern classic of which, incidentally, is a book called "These Are Our Lives," put out in 1938 by the Federal Writers' Project) he may find that he has written the only body of real literature produced during the war years.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

The Untranslatable Message

Basic Verities, by Charles Péguy. Translated by Ann and Julian Green. New York: Pantheon Books. 282 pages. \$2.75.

Poems, by Stefan George. Translated by Carol North Valhope and Ernest Morwitz. New York: Pantheon Books. 254 pages. \$2.75.

IT IS A CURIOUS PAIR that is now brought out together, the German poet Stefan George and the French poet Charles Péguy—in a way, a curious pair of literary casualties. During the First World War, and the two decades that followed, George had a tremendous following in Germany. His fame comparable to that of Rilke, but more carefully cultivated by himself and his disciples, nevertheless he has never, then or since, acquired much export value, and this despite his long and intimate association with French and Belgian poets and painters, and even with such English figures as Cyril Scott and Ernest Dowson. And similarly, Péguy, who died in action in the Battle of the Marne—"Heureux ceux qui sont morts dans les grandes batailles"—left to his country a handful of great poetry, and a name which has seemed steadily to grow in importance, and yet has had to wait thirty years for his first adequate appearance in English.

Perhaps in neither case was the delay wholly accidental; and in neither case, one ventures to think, will the transplantation be very successful. For the two poets, dissimilar as they are in most respects—if not indeed in all—are both of them primarily poets of the *word*, poets of the genius of language itself; and of all poetry this "pure" poetry is the most difficult to translate, the most unrewarding; the luster disappears, and with it, somehow, the very life-blood of the meaning; it seems to require of the translator a genius comparable to that of the poet himself. The luster is the poetry. And where, as in the intensely religious and Catholic poems of Péguy, the language is reduced to an almost monosyllabic simplicity, and a vernacular simplicity at that, with endless ingenuities of liturgical repetition, there are no "right" English equivalents to be found. "Blessed are they that died in great battles"—is this the same thing at all? No, it would have to be reinvented by an English or American poet who felt profoundly the beauty of Péguy's diction and the oldness and purity of the French rhythm, worn, smooth, with its deceptive clarity, its limpid ambiguities, and always the little quarreling overtones and undertones, like ghosts, of Latin and the Catholic Church.

This is where the French *song* is, its individual magic, and of this Péguy was a master, and it is this, primarily, that makes him a poet, and not his Catholicism or his social-

ism. His passionate belief, after his conversion, and his extraordinary love of his fellow man, the poor, the sick—"Et qui les aime tant les ayant connus"—gave him the same singleness and saintliness that we see in Van Gogh: his poems, like Van Gogh's paintings, always say simply "I love this." And much of this, in the translations of Ann and Julian Green, comes through; but not enough, it tends to become a mere bare statement; one has to go back to the French. The "Vision de Prière" is surely one of the greatest of religious poems—if not so profound or rich as Thompson's "Anthem of Earth" nor so spectacular as "The Hound of Heaven," it is tenderer than either, homelier, sweeter. And "L'Innocence et L'Expérience" and "La Passion de Notre Dame" are very nearly as fine. We must be grateful for this excellent edition of Péguy's verse and prose, with both French and English texts, and for Julian Green's perceptive and sympathetic introduction.

The difficulties with Stefan George's poetry are analogous, but greater. George may indeed have been, as his translators claim for him, an inventor of language, a re-creator of language, and for this very reason he would of course be particularly hard to translate—we face again that invisible barrier, the genius of German here (to give the devil his due), as there the genius of French. But nothing of this genius appears in the present English version, nothing whatever. Is this partly because the translators have tried too elaborately to keep to George's forms? At all events it would be difficult to imagine anything much lamer than these singular verses: crammed with tasteless archaisms, grotesque neologisms, inversions, they are in fact a lesson in how not to do it. And this is all the more curious and baffling, for Mr. Morwitz, one of the translators, was many years ago one of George's disciples, and in common with the others makes tremendous claims for his hero, both fatidical and poetic—"a world of poetry and thought that is as significant for cultural development as that of Goethe and Nietzsche." It may be so, but the evidence is certainly not here. For in these poems we discover a kind of German romanticism, and a decadent romanticism, with which we have long been familiar: how well we know that pastel-pink paganism, with its temples, fauns, flutes, and the blond gods all too white in an all too Teutonic Hellas! Here again, too, is the typical German war-worship and youth-worship, and all the customary laborious unwholesome wholesomeness. No harm in it, to be sure, nor even, perhaps, in the quasi-candid overtones of homosexuality—George's group quite openly worshiped, and deified, a handsome young poet, Maximilian Kronberger, who died at sixteen. The homosexuality may have been quite unconscious and innocent, indeed, a pseudo-Platonic idealism. But does all this add up, thematically, to a "great" poetic content, or to anything remotely like it? Rather, it makes one think of some of the lesser French Decadents, and of the still lesser English echoes of these—Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symonds, Oscar Wilde. Just as it also makes one think of the decorative *morbidezza*, the corrupted classicism, of the Viennese artist Von Bayros.

It may be, of course, that George's genius for language somehow managed to give life to this somewhat operatic world—we must take it on trust, until some better version of his work appears. In the meanwhile, we can only say that compared to Rilke, whose wonderful sustained alle-

gorical images come whole and clean through the process of translation, even in prose, this looks like pretty trumpery stuff.

CONRAD AIKEN

A Reader's List

PLANNING: AFTER THE BEVERIDGE REPORT (Political and Economic Planning, Number 205. Available through The New Republic, 25 cents). For ten years this British broadsheet has been urging increased social and economic planning. As one of the forerunners in the movement for a broad program of social security, PEP defends most of Beveridge's proposals, even though they are milder and more immediate than its own. It is concerned, however, with governmental modifications that would effectively overthrow the cardinal principle of a "national minimum." Assuming that the major propositions are "common to most progressive opinion," the paper limits itself to concrete discussions of finance and administration, arguing only against other proponents of the policy rather than its opponents.

ECONOMIC POLICY AND DEMOCRACY, by Michael A. Heilperin (Chicago, 25 cents). The argument in the University of Chicago's "Public Policy Pamphlet Number 37" is that "democratic collectivism" is an expression of wishful thinking comparable to the ancient yearning for a "benevolent tyrant." Professor Heilperin holds that complete security can be achieved only through a surrender of political freedom, but relative security can be obtained under the liberal system without danger to freedom. Warning against a desire for complete security, he makes the price mechanism the virtue of the liberal economy as con-

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trusted with the authoritarian central planning of a collectivist economy.

THE ART OF MURDER, by William Routhead (Sheridan, \$2.75). This new collection of criminal cases has a couple of items for connoisseurs—"Wicked Madam Branch" (in

which Mr. Routhead's increasing habit of archness mingles ill with the incredible goryness of the details) and "The Secret of Ireland's Eye," an enthralling account of the conviction of William Burke Kirwan for the murder of his wife.

Contributors

MAX WERNER's new book, "Attack Will Win in '43," is being published June 14 by Little, Brown and Company.

SELDEN RODMAN, formerly co-editor of Common Sense and author of several volumes of poetry, is now a private first class stationed at Fort Totten, New York.

LUCILLE B. MILNER is executive secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union and has contributed to The New Republic, Harpers, The American Mercury and other magazines.

PAUL BRISSENDEN is associate professor of Economics in the School of Business at Columbia University and also vice-chairman of the National War Labor Board for the second region.

WILLIAM EDGAR RAYNOR, Aviation Radioman Third Class, USNR, was born in Long Island City. Before his enlistment into the navy he was director of studio publicity for an independent motion-picture-distribution agency.

MARJORIE FARBER was until recently a staff writer for Science Service. She collaborated for a year (1938) with Professor Samuel Cross of Harvard, translating Pushkin and Bunin lyrics, and has done editing and book-reviewing in Washington for the journal, Psychiatry. She is now working on a book of poems.

RICHARD H. ROVERE, managing editor of Common Sense, was formerly on the staff of The Nation.

RICHARD EBERHART's most recent book is "Song and Idea." He is now a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve.

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